

James Appleton Morgan.

ARUNDINES CAMI.

Cantabrigiae:
PRELI ACADEMICI TYPIS EXCUDEBAT
C. J. CLAY, A.M.

Arundines Cami

SIVE

MUSARUM CANTABRIGIENSIUM
LUSUS CANORI

Collegit atque edidit

HENRICUS DRURY, A.M.

ARCHIDIACONUS WILTONENSIS
COLLEGII CAIANI IN GRÆCIS AC LATINIS LITERIS
QUONDAM PRÆLECTOR.

Equitare in arundine longa.

EDITIO SEXTA.

CURAVIT

HENRICUS JOHANNES HODGSON, A.M.
COLLEGII SS. TRINITATIS QUONDAM SOCIUS.

Cantabrigiæ:
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUSUS.
VENEUNT APUD DEIGHTON, BELL, ET SOC.
ET
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS ET GREEN, LONDINI.

M.DCCC.LXV.

ALMAE . MATRI

ACADEMIAE . CANTABRIGIENSI

HOS ARVNDINVM . VOCALIVM . SVSVRROS

GRATO . ANIMO

D . D . D.

HENRICVS . DRVRY

ARTIVM . MAGISTER.

Præfatio Sextæ Editionis.

Propter obitum valde deflendum pristini editoris, ad ejus munus subrogatus, in primis operam dedi ut non minus antecedentibus polita hæc sexta editio prelo excederet. Hoc eo facilius consequi potui quod liber adeo ab omni parte limatus in manus meas venit ut nihil fere mutari aut adjici sibi postulet. Veruntamen nova quædam folia, quæ mihi sunt oblata, hisce Arundinibus intertexenda curavi, quippe qui fore sperarem ut ea prioribus non deteriora lector elegans censeret.

Temperare mihi non possum quin hoc loco paucis saltem eum commemorem, cujus præsidium et auctoritatem hæc Anthologia nunc eheu desiderat, semperque desiderabit. Nominis ob doctrinam clari haud indignus hæres, quanto, tum Harroviæ, tum in Academia, amore Camenas sectatus sit Henricus Drury, condiscipulis familiaribusque ejus satis notum est. Alios etiam, quibuscum versaretur, ille lepos festivus idemque urbanus, illud ingenium acre, illa singularis et in dictione et in moribus elegantia, quasi fascinare solebant. Is autem, cum 'Musarum sacerdos' esset diligentissimus, hoc tamen semper pluris faciebat, ut se strenuum fidei Christianæ

interpretem præstaret, et in rebus divinis gregem sibi commissum optime tueretur. His studiis impensius incumbentem, et jam dignitate recenti auctum, mors, ita Deo visum, inopina, neque suis tantum, sed magno bonorum cætui luctuosa, abripuit. Mihi vero, qui cum eo per tot annos pæne fraterno fœdere conjunctus sum, venia dabitur si, hac occasione usus,

Debita sparsi lacrima favillam
Vatis amici

H. I. H.

Id. Mai.
MDCCCLXV.

Henricus Drury
Lectori S.

Ne mireris, Lector erudite, quod in ævo rerum utilium magis sagaci, quam ornamentorum studioso, novos quosdam 'Musarum fetus' ausim expromere, id accuratius edoceri fortasse non gravaberis.

Quum jam, ad curas sanctiores vocatus, ab Academia nostra decessissem, venit mihi in mentem, quæ calamo Græco aut Latino lusissem, subsecivis horis in fasciculum unum colligere. Huc accessere quædam non invenustæ prolusiones eorum quibuscum familiarissime versatus sum; eaque omnia collata tandem et comparata, ita mihi arridebant, ut oculis viderer paternis tanquam filiolos meos intueri; intuens autem, mox cuperem oculos omnium hominum ad eosdem allicere. Cæterum, his vixdum perpensis, prout plurima vires eundo acquirunt, quæ somniassem aliis quibusdam Cantabrigiensibus impertitus sum, et paulatim auxilia in re audacissima contraxi. Itaque brevi tempore haud scio an omnia Nasonum et Maronum et Poetarum Scenicorum scrinia in manus meas fuerint effusa; certe ea quidem abundabat munificentia vatum et Latine et Attice scribentium, ut in seligendo magis quam in colligendo summus labor poneretur.

Inter has opes plurimi faciebam quæcunque de Musis nostratibus Latine conversa acciperem, eademque diligenter excerpebam. Etenim experiendo cognovi animum lectoris hoc genus eo libentius adire, quo acrioris ingenii

vis in interpretando postuletur; quo plus exigatur calliditatis in electione ac constructione verborum; quo exquisitior pateat doctrinæ concinnitas in accommodando linguæ obsoletæ non sua ἰδιώματα.

Jam vero veniam dabit Censor criticus, si seriem atque juncturam operis levissimi facetam magis quam legitimam, meorum arbiter, mihi proposuero. Quippe meminerit idem, si

> Illecebris foret et grata novitate morandus
> Spectator,

tamen non me oblitum fuisse

> ita vertere seria ludo,

ut in alteram partem libelli omnia sacra per se reverenter essent seposita atque distributa.

Utrum feliciter necne conati simus monachorum hymnos rhythmicos imitari, judicent alii: unum id in hoc loco jure lamentamur, quod ista species carminum, tam casta, tam pulcra, tam plena exercitationis idoneæ, cum in ludis publicis, tum apud Academicos nostros, penitus omissa esse videatur. Quis autem ignorat quam egregia sit hodie ad versiones sacras opportunitas, seu quis illius 'Lyræ Apostolicæ' fila solicitet, sive circa dædalos flores 'Anni Christiani' fundantur poetarum examina?

Neque huic procemio ante aulæa tollantur, quam adjutoribus meis, quorum erit omnis laus, si quid suavius aut elegantius in Anthologia nostra eniteat, maximas gratias persolvam. Inque iis præsertim ἀκολακεύτως agnosco quid ego debeam Francisco Hodgson, Collegii

Etonensis Præposito; quid eruditissimo Francisco Wrangham, inter Brigantes Archidiacono: quid Baroni Lyttelton quantum titulis, tantum ingenio et doctrina nobili; quid denique amicissimo meo Henrico Johanni Hodgson, e Collegio SS. Trinitatis socio, et ab ovo usque ad mala strenuo præ omnibus auxiliatori.

Superest, ut pacem tuam impetrem, lector benevole, si fortasse quædam mendose, quædam negligentius, inter has nugas, prelo commissa offendas. Cujusvis est hominis errare: quin et noster Vincentius Bourne, ornatissimus ille Romani carminis artifex, ipse aliquoties peccat, et versus incomposito pede currentes patitur. Spero autem te facilius mihi obtemperaturum, si intellexeris, editorem tuum, neque inter silvas Academi, neque propter susurrantes Ilissi ripas, sed in rure reducto, procul ab amicis, procul a libris, procul a doctissimorum colloquio, solum et tacitum et aliquando tristissimum, hos labores suos in lucem protulisse.

Tibi vero, Alma Mater, 'lepidum novum libellum,' qualiscunque sit, dono ac dedico. Tu, pro eo ac meretur, aut abjicies aut—si me amas, amplecteris. Tui gratam memoriam vel absens persequar. Quare fac me diligas, et dignitati meæ suffrageris.

Dabam apud Genistarum Villam,
a. d. xiii. Cal. *Aprilis*, MD.CCC.XLI.

Monitum.

In altera editione pauca quædam, quasi emerita carmina, jam rude donavi: quorum in locum suffecta alia multa denique emendata, inveniet lector curiosus.

Vereor ne parum gratus fuisse videar, qui Jacobi Hildyard et Caroli Merivale nomina in commemoratione adjutorum ante prætermiserim. Pro utroque satis loquuntur quæ contulerunt: sed alter horum denuo copiosa adduxit subsidia, stiloque, ut solet, usus est felicissimo.

Non tali eget auxilio Francisci Wrangham flebilis memoria: quod si fidem ejus ac benevolentiam bonorum omnium consensus; si genus et vitam marmor sepulcrale testabitur; amoris tamen et studii, quo Musas etiam in senectute complexus est, exiguo sit pignori hoc nostrum opusculum:

> *Εἰσέτι γὰρ πνείει τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἆσθμα·*
> *'Αχὼ δ'* ΕΝ ΔΟΝΑΚΕΣΣΙ *τέας ἐπιβόσκετ' ἀοιδάς.*
>
> Mosch. *Id.* γ΄. 55.

Prid. Kal. *Maii*, MD.CCC.XLIII.

Arundines Contulerunt.

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Elenchus Carminum.

PARS SECUNDA.

In Memoriam.

I leave thy praises unexpressed
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
Or round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perished in the green;
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame:
But somewhere out of human view,
Whate'er thy hand is set to do,
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

TENNYSON.

Καλὸς τέθνακε μελικτάς.

Lenire curas Musa potens graves
Non, care, laudes eloquitur tuas:
Quanto refulgeres honore
Tot gemitus lacrimæque testes.

Quæ docta tam mens, quæve adeo sciens
Aptare rebus verba calentia;
Quis vocis argutæ magister,
Rite tuum memoraret ævum?

Non est meum languentia sæcula
Clamore vano rumpere, vel tibi,
Ceu pulverem ventus, canendo
Exiguas agitare laudes.

Flos, dum virebat, deperiit tuus:
Est vita nobis et populus probans
Quod quisque perfecit, sed idem
Pollicito meliora durus.

Hic te silebit lingua fidelior:
Donec locorum nescio quo latens,
Majore cum plausu labores
Exsequeris tibi destinatos.

H. I. H.

The Soul of Music slumbers in its shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before,

Rogers.

Spiritus Harmoniæ testudine dormit in aurea,
Donec Apollineæ tangitur arte manus;
Et pia corda adeo, percussa fideliter, edunt
Mille modos, tacito qui latuere sinu.

H. D.

Arundines Cami.

PARS PRIMA.

The Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.

NOBLE friend! say where may Freedom banished,
Where may stricken Peace a refuge find,
Now the century in storm has vanished,
And the next in carnage stalks behind?
All old bonds of nations rent asunder;
All old forms swift hastening to decline;
Nor can Ocean stay the battle's thunder,
Nor the Nile-God, nor the ancient Rhine.
Two gigantic rival states, contending
For the sole dominion of the world,
O'er all laws, all birthrights else, impending,
Have the trident and the lightning hurl'd.
Every land to them must mete its treasure;
And, like Brennus in those ruder days,
Here the Frank his ponderous falchion's measure
In the wavering scale of justice lays;
There his fleets the Briton, rich and mighty,
Polypus-like, stretches o'er the deep,
And the kingdom of free Amphitrite
Closes as his own peculiar keep.
To the South-pole's hidden constellations
In his restless, boundless, course he flies,

Ad Postumum.

Postume, quod quæris mihi, quod tibi, defit asylum,
Neque ulla rebus impetrantur otia:
Ut mala nimboso cum turbine conditur ætas!
Ut inter arma sæculum renascitur!
Ut rupti nexus populorum, ususque, modusque,
Et irriti novantur urbium status!
Nec tu, Rhene pater, nec prœlia Nilipotens rex,
Neque obserata distulistis æquora!
En geminæ gentes regno super omnia turbant;
Stat invicem patronus et juvat Deus:
Hanc, vetus obsequium, Neptunia cuspis obarmat,
Corusca fulminantis hanc Jovis manus.
Auro inhiant ambæ; superest violentia fraudi,
Et ipsa crescit appetentibus fames.
Ergo ense injecto Brennorum Gallus ad instar
Superbus æra libripendis elevat:
Qualis at articulis polypus cava tentat aquarum,
Terit Britannus omne classibus fretum:
Gentibus ille satam sibi vindicat Amphitriten,
Habetque avarus æquor, ut domum suam.
Hoc opus, hæ vires; quibus omnigenum ventorum
Nigros ad usque devolavit objices,
Sideribus rexitque ratem non ante repertis,
Inexpedita quo ferat lucri via,

To all isles, all coasts of furthest nations;
All—but only those of Paradise.
Vainly o'er the world's wide surface ranging,
Would'st thou seek that blessed spot to know,
Where bright Freedom's verdure smiles unchanging,
Where life's earliest flowers undying blow?
Endless lies the globe's huge floating mansion,
Scarce can sail its bulk enormous trace;
Yet not all throughout its vast expansion
May ten happy beings find a place.
To the heart's still chamber, deep and lonely,
Must thou flee from life's tumultuous throng:
Freedom in the land of dreams is only,
And the Beauteous blooms alone in song.

MERIVALE'S SCHILLER.

The Grenadier.

'Who comes here?' 'A Grenadier.'
'What d'ye want?' 'A pot of beer.'
'Where's your money?' 'I forgot.'
'Get you gone, you drunken sot!'

GAMMER GURTON.

At latet Elysium felix nemus; at pia sedes
  Adhuc fefellit, angulusque Achilleï,
Qua sua libertas animis, rerumque juventas
  Virescit, hortulisque pullulat sacris.
Quod si spe nimia tanti sinus orbis aditur,
  Volantis ut fatiscat impetus trabis—
Ipse tamen digitis potes enumerare beatos,
  Quot omnis ora pascit, et tegit polus—
Tecum habita, Geniumque fove, (neque enim hoc
    Deus aufert)
  Inulta si stat occupare gaudia:
Prende chelyn, cui sola patet plaga libera mundi,
  Vacantque regna somniorum inania.

C. M.

Victus post nummos.

'Heus tu!—quis venit hic?' 'Miles procerus et audax.'
  'Mî bone, quid poscis?' 'Da liquidam Cererem.'
'Ast ubi sunt nummi?' 'Sum nummi oblitus et expers.'
  'Furcifer ad corvos, ebrie, pote, tuos!'

H. D.

Ode to Adversity.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind:
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

GRAY.

In Calamitatem.

Quæ sævo domitos imperio regis
Mortales, superi nata Jovis Dea,
  Dira non sine pœna et
    Flagris improba ferreis

Pertentans homines; unde adamantinis
Sub vinclis trepidum comprimitur Nefas,
  Anguntuque malorum
    Seris pectora luctibus,

Nec puri sceleris non animi dolent;
Te reges dominam purpurei novam,
  Per deserta domorum,
    Te vano gemitu tremunt.

Cum lectam generi mittere filiam
Humano voluit cœlicolum Pater
  Virtutem, tibi diam
    Commisit sobolem Deus,

Ut prudens teneræ pectora fingeres:
Ah! quanta rigidam te patientia,
  Nutrix aspera, longis
    Virtus temporibus tulit!

Sensit, qua miseris fracta doloribus
Mens cura gemeret: sensit, et haud suo,
  Te perdocta magistra,
    Luctu tangitur invicem.

L.

Sandy's Ghost.

THE Moon had climbed the highest hill,
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silvery light o'er tower and tree;

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When low and soft a voice she heard
  Say, 'Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head, to see who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
  With visage pale and hollow e'e.

'O maiden dear, cold is my clay,
  'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
'Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
  'So Mary,—weep no more for me.

'O Maiden dear, thyself prepare;
  'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
'Where love is free from doubt and care,
  'And we shall meet to part no more.'

Loud crowed the cock; the Shadow fled;
  No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the parting Spirit said,
  'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

OLD BALLAD.

Alexis Umbra.

QUOD perlucentis spectat cunabula Devæ,
  Luna super summum fulserat alba jugum;
Argentique faces ab Eoi vertice cæli
  Sparserat in silvas turrigerasque domos.

In lecto composta, suum jam Phyllis Alexin
  Visa erat in somnis per freta longa sequi,
Quum pressum irrepsit murmur, 'Mea Phylli, quiescas;
  'Nil movet infernos, lacrima nulla, Deos.'

Sustulit a mœsto tremulum caput illa cubili,
  In thalamo quærens quis sit et unde suo;
Et stare algentem perterrita vidit Alexin,
  Exsangui vultu luminibusque cavis.

'Sternor ego exanimis, vita O mihi carior ipsa,
  'Intempestivo pulvis et ossa mari;
'Te procul addicor morti: mea Phylli, quiescas:
  'Desine vexari, quod tuus absit amor.

'Suave meum, non longa mora est, quin mollia tangas
  'Numina, et in sacra congrediamur humo;
'Qua manet inconcussa Fides, secura laborum;
  'Qua gremio nunquam diripiere meo.'

Fortiter increpuit gallus: vaga fugit Imago:
  Solvitur ante oculos quod fuit omne viri;
Sed tenere abscedens dixit; 'Mea blandula, dormi;
  'Nil movet infernos, lacrima nulla, Deos.'

H. D.

The old Gentleman of Tobago.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice-gruel and sago;
  Till, much to his bliss,
  His physician said this;
'To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go.'

GAMMER GURTON.

Sonnet.

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shews now.

SHAKSPEARE.

Senex Tarentinus.

Senex æger in Tarento
De oryza et pulmento
Vili vixerat invento;
  Donec Medicus
Seni inquit valde læto,
'Senex æger, o gaudeto,
Crus ovinum jam non veto,
  Tibi benedicus.'

H. D.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Qua, Musa, pœna te, remissa, multabo,
Quod veritatem negligis venustate
Litam? meo omnes ex amore pendetis,
Et veritas et forma, tuque, amore isto
Claranda. Quid causare? forsan hoc dicas:
'Hujus colore imbuta veritas nullo
Eget colore; penicillo opus non est,
Veram venustas quo linat venustatem:
Quod absolutum est, non adulterare æquum.'
Major quia hic sit laude, muta mussabis?
Ne tu hæc tacens causare, quam penes solam est,
Si vincat aurea hic sepulcra vivendo,
Victorque nondum nata pervolet sæcla.
Quare hoc agas, O Musa: posteris seris
Hunc qualis hodie est, me docente, monstrabis.

H. A. J. M.

Henry IV.

ACT III. Scene I.

Glendower.

I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hotspur.

And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glendower.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotspur.

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glendower.

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

SHAKSPEARE.

Glendower. Hotspur.

ΓΛ: ΓΗΝ βλαστάνοντός φημ' ἐμοῦ τρέσαι φόβῳ.
ΘΕΡ. Ἐγὼ δ' ἄρ' οὔ τί φημι τἀμὰ γῆν φρονεῖν,
εἴ τοι νομίζεις σῷ ταραχθῆναι φόβῳ.
ΓΛ. Αἰθὴρ μὲν οὖν ἔλαμψε, γῆ δ' ἐπάλλετο.
ΘΕΡ. Ἰδοῦσά γ' ἐκλάμποντος αἰθέρος σέλας,
ἀλλ' οὐ φόβῳ, σάφ' ἴσθι, σῆς γεννήσεως.
ἦ πολλά τοι νοσοῦσα θαυμασταῖς φύσις
ἐῤῥωγεν ἐκβολαῖσι· χἠ βρύουσα γῆ
ὠδῖνι κεντηθεῖσα δάπτεταί τινι,
ἐν νηδύος μυχοῖσιν ἐγκεκλεισμένης
πνοῆς δυσάρκτου· τοῦ γὰρ ἐκφεύγειν ἀεὶ
ἐρῶσα σείει τὴν παλαιγενῆ χθόνα,
πύργους κατασκάπτουσα κισσήρεις χρόνῳ.
τοιᾷδε δὴ ξυνοῦσα τῇ νόσῳ τότε
σοῦ βλαστάνοντος γραῖα γαῖ' ἐπάλλετο.
ΓΛ. Ὦ ξύγγον', ἔστιν ὧν τάδ' οὐκ ἠνειχόμην
κλύων ἅπερ σὺ νῦν μ' ἀτιμάσας ἔχεις.
παρὲς δ' ὅμως λέγειν τόδ' αὖθις· ὡς ἐμοῦ
γεννωμένου πρόσωπον οὐρανοῦ παρῆν
ἰδεῖν πυρωπῶν μεστὸν ὂν μορφωμάτων·
δρόμῳ δ' ἀπ' ὀρέων αἶγες ἦξαν ἐμμανεῖς,
ἀγέλαι δ' ἀν' ἀγροὺς δεινὸν ἐῤῥόθουν κλίειν.
οὐ σήματ' ἀνδρὸς ταῦτα τοῦ 'πιόντος ἦν·
καὶ μὴν πρόδηλός εἰμι πάντα τὸν βίον
ἥκιστα τοὺς τυχόντας εἰς ἄνδρας τελῶν.

C. J. V.

The Lotos Eaters.

BRANCHES they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each: but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake;
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of father-land,
And wife and child and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
'Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

TENNYSON.

Economy.

To make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear O!
To put them out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

GAMMER GURTON.

Lotophagi.

Quinetiam magica ramos de stirpe ferebant,
Floribus et fructu gravidos, et dulcia cuique
Dona dabant: quorum succo semel ore recepto,
Visa procul longis incassum anfractibus unda
Mugire increpitans, et non sua litora plangi:
Et tenuis, sociorum aliquis si forte locutus,
Stridere vox, Lemurum velut imbecilla querela:
Et, licet insomnis, somno cogi inque pediri
Omnis: et, auditis tremulo modulamine fibris,
Suave sub arguto geminari pectore murmur.
Consedere omnes ad flavæ litus arenæ,
In medio Solis radios Lunæque tuentes;
Et patriæ dulcis, sobolisque irrepsit imago
Mentibus, et veteris procul oblectamina vitæ.
Tædia mox pelagus, remi quoque tædia visi
Ingerere, et spumæ sterilis longissimus æstus;
Atque aliquis tandem 'Non amplius ibimus,' inquit:
Continuoque omnes, 'Longe mare clauditur ultra
'Insula, nostra domus: non amplius ibimus,' omnes.

C. M.

Seria de Cereis.

Audite matres, virgines, puellulæ,
  Præcepta Nestoris probi:
Semper manebit, quod tenebras exigat,
  Si cereos extinguitis.

H. D.

The Blind Man's Bride.

When first, beloved, in vanished hours,
  The Blind Man sought thy hand to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
  New freshened by the summer's rain.
The beauty, which made them rejoice,
  My darkened eyes might never see,
But well I knew thy gentle voice,
  And that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
  They talked to me of Time's decay,
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
  Of ebon tresses turned to gray.
I heard them; but I heeded not;
  The withering change I could not see;
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
  And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
  We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
And only know that we are old
  By counting happy hours gone by.
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
  Thy brow less beautiful may be;
But oh! the voice, which first I knew,
  Still keeps the same sweet tone to me!

MRS. NORTON.

Οὐ γάρ με λήθεις, ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς,
καίπερ σκοτεινὸς, τήν γε σὴν αὐδὴν ὅμως.

TEMPORE præterito cum te, mea vita, petebam
  Conjugio mecum jungere cæcus ego;
Ridebas, sic fama tulit, pulcherrima rerum,
  Flore prior, verna qui recreatur aqua.
Iste decor vultus aliis, ea forma placebat,
  Heu oculis nunquam forma videnda meis!
Sed bene cognoram vocem, tua mellea verba;
  Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

Interea volucri pede præterlabitur ætas;
  Damnosi quid non imminuere dies?
Jamque susurrabant, nigros albescere crines,
  Inque genis molles deperiisse rosas.
Inscius audivi: nec sunt mihi talia curæ;
  Effugiant veneres, non ego testis ero:
Mulsit adhuc mea me vocis dulcedine conjux;
  Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

Sic, mea lux, una sub cælo errabimus almo,
  Vivida dum calido sanguine vena salit;
Et nisi felices quando numerabimus horas,
  Immemores erimus nos simul esse senes.
Quod si immutetur roseus color ille genarum,
  Frons licet uxori sit minus alba meæ;
Vox tua facunda me cepit imagine primum,
  Vox tua dat liquidum, quod dedit ante, melos.

H. I. H.

The May Queen.

You must mind and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robert leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday:
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Cras Dione jura dicet fulta sublimi throno.

MANE, mater, excita me, mane quam maturrime,
Cras enim recentis anni lux erit lætissima;
Cras recentis illa veris hilaris, audax, improba:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Sunt nigris, aiunt, ocellis; sed mei nigerrimi;
Sunt Maria et Margarita, cumque Cathara Carula;
Omnium sed parvam Elisam prædicant pulcherrimam:
Domina quare feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

Atqui, ut experrecta fuerim, noctem adeo perdormio,
Voce fac clara voces me, modo dies illuxerit;
Namque primulas legendum, colligandum nodulos,
Domina quoniam feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

En! jugo subire adorsa repperi, quemnam putas?
Ponte Mœrin insidentem repperi, corylum prope:
Ille quam torvum tuerer here, reor, consciverat:
At ego Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer-day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd-lads on every side 'ill come from far away;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers,
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Ille me spectrum putavit, candidatam contuens,
Recta euntem, nec loquentem, lucis ut scintillulam:
Me vocant crudelem amicæ; sed mea nil interest:
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Deperit me, aiunt, amando; at non ego illis credula:
Deperit, mater, dolendo; atqui mea quid interest?
Pulcriores, fortiores, quippe erunt proci mihi;
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Nec minus tenella mecum feriabitur soror;
Tuque me, mater, velis videre fieri principem:
Nam juventus undequaque veniet agricolantium;
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

En! casas intexit udas postibus caprifolium,
Inque pratis per canales cardamina suaveolet,
Subter in stagnis coruscat orbe caltha flammeo:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow
grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and
play;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

TENNYSON.

Twinkle, Twinkle.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing Sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,

Hinc et hinc nocturnus herbis it reditque spiritus,
Quo super salire visa transeunte sidera;
Nec diem tantillus humor inquinare cogitat:
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

At virebit, at vigebit otio saltus sacro;
Bellides jam prodit omnis collis et ranunculos;
Floridoque lætus alveo saliet amnis inquies:
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Surge, mater, et voca me, mane quam maturrime,
Cras enim recentis anni lux erit lætissima;
Cras recentis, mater, anni quam procax, quam perdita!
Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

C. M.

Mica, Mica.

MICA, mica, parva Stella;
Miror, quænam sis tam bella!
Splendens eminus in illo,
Alba velut gemma, cælo.
Quando fervens Sol discessit,
Nec calore prata pascit,

Then you shew your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the Sun is in the sky.

TAYLOR.

Iphigenia.

But she, with sick and scornful look averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse:
"This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place
"Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears;
"My father held his hand upon his face;
"I blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs,
"As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
"The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes
"Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flickered as they lay afloat,
"The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore;
"The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
"Touch'd; and I knew no more."

TENNYSON.

Mox ostendis lumen purum,
Micans, micans, per obscurum.
Tibi, noctu qui vagatur,
Ob scintillulam gratatur;
Ni micares tu, non sciret
Quas per vias errans iret.
Meum sæpe thalamum luce
Specularis curiosa;
Neque carpseris soporem,
Donec venit Sol per auram.

H. D.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.

Tristis ad hæc odiis vultuque aversa superbo
Altior assurgens spectanda regia forma
Illa refert: Nostram abrupit scelerata juventam
Impietas: stetit hæc causæ. De virginis ævo
Transactum semel est: refugit crudelia castra
Nunc etiam memorare animus litusque nefandum.
Astabat pater et dextra velaverat ora:
Ipsa laborantes fletu gliscente susurros
Nitor ut expediam: sed creber anhelitus illos
Vexat, ut ægra trahens singultit murmura somnus.
Vix torvi apparent reges, vix effera cerno
Lumina, barbatam cerno expectare coronam
Dum moriar. Celsæ procul in statione coruscant
Ante oculos mali, jam cœtus inhorruit undans,
Jam curvus fluitat sinus et trepidante vacillant
Templa jugo, sacræ fulgor jam letifer instat
Cervici, tetigitque semel, sensumque peremit.

R. C. J.

The race is not to the swift.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read:
Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

HERRICK.

The Cobbler.

A WAGGISH Cobbler issued once in Rhodes a proclamation,
That he was willing to disclose, for a due consideration,
A secret, which the cobbling world could ill afford to lose;
The way to make in one short day a hundred pair of shoes!
From every quarter to the sight there ran a thousand fellows,
Tanners, Cobblers, Boot-professors, jolly Leather-sellers;
All redolent of beer and smoke and cobbler's wax and hides;
Each man he pays his thirty pence, and calls it cheap besides.
Silence!—the Cobbler enters in, and casts around his eyes;
Then curls his lips, the rogue! then frowns, and then looks wondrous wise:
'My friends,' he says, 'it is a simple plan I shall propose,
And every one of you, I think, might learn it, if you chose;
To make the hundred pair of shoes,—just go back to your shops—
And take a hundred pair of boots, and cut off all their tops!'

Δ.

Tardius tutius.

Non ego festino lectori tradere versus:
Gloria vix homini nascitur ante rogum.

H. A. J. M.

Amphora cœpit Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?

Δεξιος τις Βυρσοδέψης θαῦμα δηλώσειν μέγα
ἐν ʽΡόδῳ ποτ᾽ ἠγόρευεν, ἀργύριον ἤν τις διδῷ,
κἀνύσειν κατ᾽ ἦμαρ ἑκατὸν σάνδαλα, σχίζων σοφῶς.
μυρίοι δὲ πρὸς θέαμα πάντοθεν κατέῤῥεον,
δερμάτων ὄζοντες ἡδὺ καὶ πίνου τε καὶ πότου,
σκυτοδέψαι, σκυτοπῶλαι, σανδαλίσκων ἐργάται,
θαυμάσαντες καὶ τελοῦντες δύο δραχμὰς θεωρικάς.
κᾆτα τήνδ᾽ ὁ βυρσοδέψης προσβλέπων ὁμήγυριν,
καὶ γελῶν ἅμ᾽ οὑπίτριπτος, καὶ ξυναίρων τὰς ὀφρῦς,
ῥᾳδία μέν ἐστιν, εἶπεν, ἣν διδάξομεν τέχνην,
ῥᾴδιον δὲ τοῦτο πρᾶγμα μανθάνειν, ὃς ἂν θέλῃ,
κἀνύειν κατ᾽ ἦμαρ ἑκατὸν σανδάλια λεπτοσχιδῆ,
τἄκρα τις καττύμαθ᾽ ἑκατὸν εἰ κοθόρνων ἐκτεμεῖ.

H. D.

Herrick. Amarillis.

HER. My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee;
For love or pitie, let me know
The place where I may find thee.

AM. In country meadowes, pearled with dew,
And set about with lilies:
There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

HER. What have the meades to do with thee,
Or, with thy youthfull houres?
Live thou at court where thou may'st be
The Queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With posies; since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest jemmes to shine,
And like the starres to glitter.

HERRICK.

Ἐπίγραμμα.

Οικος Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμην ποτε, νῦν δὲ Μενίππου,
καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον.
καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' ᾤετο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος
οἴεται· εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως οὐδένος, ἀλλὰ τύχης.

LUCIANUS.

In pratis studiosa florum.

O quæ sola places mihi,
Si vis ire tamen, nosque relinquere,
Dic te—si quis amor mei,
Si restat pietas—quo repetam loco?

Inter pascua, ros ubi
Par gemmæ rutilat, dædala liliis,
Implentem calathos, tuam
Illic invenias fors Amaryllida.

Quid te pascua detinent,
Annis te teneris? I pete Cæsaris
Aulam; non ibi flosculos
Flectes imperiis, sed potius viros.

Certet rustica Phidyle
Se jactare rosis: te decorarier
Gemmis rectius Indiæ,
Et lucere parem sideris aurei.

C. S. C.

Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.

M ego Achæmenidis fueram domus; ille Menippo
radidit; hinc domino deferar usque novo.
icet ille suam me credidit, hic quoque credit:
'il faciunt; me Fors vindicat una suam.

H. M. B.

Elegie auf ein Landmädchen.

Schwermuthsvoll und dumpfig hallt Geläute
Vom bemoosten Kirchenthurm herab.
Väter weinen, Kinder, Mütter, Bräute;
Und der Todtengräber gräbt ein Grab.
Angethan mit einem Sterbekleide,
Eine Blumenkron' im blonden Haar,
Schlummert Röschen, so der Mutter Freude,
So der Stolz des Dorfes war.

Ihre Lieben, voll des Mißgeschickes,
Denken nicht an Pfänderspiel und Tanz,
Stehn am Sarge, winden nasses Blickes
Ihrer Freundin einen Todtenkranz.
Ach! kein Mädchen war der Thränen werther,
Als du gutes frommes Mädchen bist,
Und im Himmel ist kein Geist verklärter,
Als die Seele Röschens ist.

Wie ein Engel, stand im Schäferkleide
Sie vor ihrer kleinen Hüttenthür:
Wiesenblumen waren ihr Geschmeide,
Und ein Veilchen ihres Busens Zier;
Ihre Fächer waren Zephyr's Flügel,
Und der Morgenhain ihr Putzgemach,
Diese Silberquellen ihre Spiegel,
Ihre Schminke dieser Bach.

Elegia in puellam rusticam.

ubi surgit veteri circumlita musco,
na mœrentum planctibus æra crepant;
simul materque gemunt, puerique senesque;
ι sepulcrali terra ligone patet.
s induta sinus—quanto aptior, eheu,
lit aureolas florea vitta comas!—
ım dormit, matris pia cura, Rosalba,
ıe diu patrii gloria ruris erat,

ım dormit: jam non æqualibus illi
e aut saltus, qui placuere, placent:
sandapilæ, et flentes de more coronam
ıeo nectunt, ultima dona, rogo.
uellari in cœtu dilectior ulla,
omitum lacrimis dignior ulla fuit?
nima e terris fatali rapta volatu
ico accessit purior ulla choro?

angelicos referens mortalis honores,
tris tuguri constitit ante fores;
ı ornabant pro gemmis serta rosarum,
læ in colli marmore germen erat;
m Zephyri præstabant alitis auræ,
ıque aptum mane vireta locum;
ulo illimi currebat rivulus unda,
ıco liquidæ gutta rigabat aquæ.

Sittsamkeit umfloß, wie Mondenschimmer,
Ihre Rosenwangen, ihren Blick;
Nimmer wich der Seraf Unschuld, nimmer
Von der holden Schäferin zurück.
Jünglingsblicke taumelten voll Feuer
Nach dem Reiz des lieben Mädchens hin;
Aber Keiner, als ihr Vielgetreuer,
Rührte jemals ihren Sinn.

Keiner, als ihr Wilhelm! Frühlingsweihe
Rief die Edlen in den Buchenhain;
Unter'm Grün, durchstrahlt von Himmelbläue,
Flogen sie den deutschen Ringelreihn.
Röschen gab ihm Bänder mancher Farbe,
Kam die Ernt', an seinen Schnitterhut,
Saß mit ihm auf einer Weizengarbe,
Lächelt' ihm zur Arbeit Muth;

Band den Weizen, welchen Wilhelm mähte,
Band und äugelt' ihrem Liebling nach,
Bis die Kühlung kam, und Abendröthe
Durch die falben Westgewölke brach.
Ueber Alles war ihm Röschen theuer,
War sein Taggedanke, war sein Traum;
Wie sich Röschen liebten und ihr Treuer,
Lieben sich die Engel kaum.

Nocte velut radiis perfundit Cynthia colles,
  Lucebat roseo talis in ore Pudor.
Integritas illi, quoquo vestigia flexit,
  Assidua hærebat, simplicitasque, comes.
Ardentes frustra juvenes in virginis ora
  Vertebant oculos, æmula turba, proci;
Nullus enim potuit, nisi qui bene fidus amabat
  Arminius, nymphæ flectere corda suæ.

Ille habuit secum, primos qui movit, amores,
  Sive dies verno tempore festus erat,
Sive sub arboreas frondes in prata trahebat
  Notus Teutonico saltus in orbe choro.
Fasciolas capiti vario parat illa colore,
  Auricoma quoties messe rubebat ager;
Illa sedet juxta, dum fasces stringit amator,
  Neve labor frangat, risibus illa vetat.

Inque vices segetem, quam præsecat ille, revincit,
  Inque vices furtim respicit ora proci,
Vespertina parum memores dum frigora tangant,
  Et roseus cælum permeet omne color.
Carius Arminio nihil est quam fida Rosalba,
  Hanc videt in somnis, hanc redeunte die:
Qualis in Arminio fervit teneraque Rosalba,
  Pectora in Elysiis sedibus urit Amor.

Wilhelm! Wilhelm! Sterbeglocken hallen,
Und die Grabgesänge heben an,
Schwarzbeflorte Trauerleute wallen,
Und die Todtenkrone weht voran.
Wilhelm wankt mit seinem Liederbuche,
Nasses Auges, an das off'ne Grab,
Trocknet mit dem weissen Leichentuche
Sich die hellen Thränen ab.

Schlummre sanft, du gute fromme Seele,
Bis auf ewig dieser Schlummer flieht!
Wein' auf ihrem Hügel, Filomele,
Um die Dämmerung ein Sterbelied!
Weht wie Harfenlispel, Abendwinde,
Durch die Blumen, die ihr Grab gebar!
Und im Wipfel dieser Kirchhoflinde
Nist' ein Turteltaubenpaar!

HÖLTH.

Excuses for a Draught.

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by and by,
Or—any other reason why.

ANON.

ia mutantur. Mortis lugubria signa,
ra gravi cantu flebiliora sonant.
tas agitant borealia flamina vestes,
itat in effossum mœsta corona solum:
regit Arminius tremulas ad carmina plantas;
ista patent vidui fletibus uda viri—
bus uda viri, lacrimam tergere volentis
nteolo, sponsæ quod tegit ossa suæ.

ɔia nympha, leves carpas sub gramine somnos,
ios olim abrumpat lætius orta dies.
'ea in tumulo sub sera crepuscula caras
rmen ad exsequias tu, Philomela, cie.
ertina rosas inter suspiria venti
casias ludant, quæ prope busta virent;
ue inter tilias et sancta cacumina nidum
rture cum tenero fida columba paret.

E. C. H.

Sunt causæ quinque bibendi.

ROSUM tibi vinum; tibi dulcis sit amicus;
s nunc; metuas ne sitias post;—rape quamvis
Aliam denique causam.

R. S.

Julius Cæsar.

ACT I. Scene I.

FLAV. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 CIT. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir; what trade are you?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 CIT. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

MAR. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 CIT. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

MAR. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 CIT. Why, Sir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

SHAKSPEARE.

Alfenus vafer.

Ἄπιτ' οἴκαδ' ἐνθένδ', οἴκαδ', ἀργὰ θρέμματα·
τήνδ' ἄγεθ' ἑορτήν; οὐδὲ γὰρ ἴστε τὸν νόμον,
γένος ὂν βάναυσον, μὴ περιπατεῖν μηδένα,
πλὴν ἔν γ' ἑορταῖς, τὸν ἀποροῦντα συμβόλου
τέχνην τίν' ἐπασκεῖ; φάθι σύ μοι, τίν' ἔχεις τέχνην;
ολ. Α. ἔγωγε τέκτων. Μ. κᾆθ' ὁ κανὼν ποῦ γῆς σέθεν
ἄπεστι; τὸ περίζωμα ποῦ τὸ σκύτινον;
τίς ὁ νοῦς; τί τὸ καλλώπισμα τῶν ἐσθημάτων;
οὗτος, σὺ πόθεν ζῇς; Πολ. Β. νὴ Δί', ἕνεκα δεξιοῦ
σοφίας τεχνίτου γ', ὡς ἂν εἴποις, ὢν ῥαφεύς.
. τέχνην τίν' ἔχων; ἀτεχνῶς ἀπόκριναί μοι ταδί.
ολ. Β. οἵαν γ' ἐπασκεῖν δεῖν τὸν ἁπλοῦν ἄνδρ' εὔχομαι.
ἁπλᾶς ὑποδεῖταί τις σαθράς; ἠπήσομαι.
. τέχνην δὲ τίν' ἔχων, ὦ μιαρῶν μιαρώτατε;
ολ. Β. ἔχ' ἠπίως· πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, μή μοι 'κραγῇς·
εἰ δ' ἐκραγήσει, τὰ ῥαγέντ' ἠπήσομαι.
. τί δὴ μαθὼν τάδ' εἶπας, ὦ παμμίαρε σύ;
ἐτεὸν ἔμ' ἠπήσει σύ; Πολ. Β. ναί, νευρορραφῶν.
νευρορράφος τις ἦσθ' ἄρ'. Πολ. Β. ἦ γάρ· κἂν μ' ἔρῃ
ὁπόθεν διαζῶ, ζῶντ' ἔμ' ἴσθ' ἀπ' ὀπητίου,
ὄντ' οὐ περίεργον δημιουργοῖς ἂν μέλῃ,
οὐδ' ἂν γυναίοις, ἀλλ' ὁπόσ' ἂν ὀπητίῳ.
ὄντως γὰρ ἰατρός εἰμι παλαιῶν ἐμβάδων,
ὥστ', εἴ τι πάθοι τις, ἀνακέσασθαι. δέρμα δ' οὖν
εἴ τῳ τι βόειον ἥρμοσεν καλῷ ποδί,
ἐμὸν τὸ χειρούργημ', ἐμὸς δ' ὁ καλόπους.

R. S.

The Dove.

Lo as a dove when up she springs,
  To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
  Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go, I cannot stay;
  I leave this mortal ark behind,
  A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
  And reach the glow of southern skies,
  And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying: 'Comes he thus, my friend?
  Is this the end of all my care?'
  And circle moaning in the air,
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play
  About the prow, and back return
  To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

TENNYSON.

Ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes.

QUALIS per auras nuntia funebrem
Vinctam sub ala vibrat epistolam
Columba, et audaci volatu
Findit iter, properatque luctum,

Sic ipse, vel quæ pars melior mei,
Cogor solutus pondere inutili
Migrare velox, et salire
De scopulis, et in alta ferri;

Et tot per orbes oceani vocor
Fulgentis aucta solis imagine,
Et vela se tollunt ab undis
Ante oculos, lacrimæque manant,

Clamoque longe: 'Siccine redditur
Amicus? huc spes cesserit? hic modus,
Hic finis est rerum?' brevesque
Mœstus ago per inane gyros:

Nec jam moratus corripio fugam,
Illique præsens involito rati:
Horamque cognosco peractam
Corpus ubi ad proprium revertor.

W. J.

Oenone.

THERE is a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, op'ning wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair, or seemed to float, in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twin'd with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
Slop'd downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with her shadow on the stone,

Œnone.

Est Ida in media vallis, quot Ionia valles
Alma fovet, forma superans. Ibi saltibus hærent,
Et lenti fluitant inter pineta vapores.
At gravidos multis decorant pendentia prata
Floribus hinc illinc montes: rivusque reductas
Desilit in rupes, reboatque anfractibus imis,
Oceani longinqua petens. Hic Gargarus ingens
Præripit Auroram: sed ab illa parte, revulsis
Faucibus, apparet celsis speciosa columnis
Troas, et Iliacæ, decus illæ Troadis, arces.

Huc adiit, rapido medii sub sole diei,
Solivaga Œnone, Paridem fletura sodalem.
At tenera in cervice comæ jacuere solutæ:
Nec roseæ fulsere genæ. Sub rupe reclinis
Vitibus intexta, longo tranquilla locorum
Carmine mulcebat, donec demissa sedentem
Velavit summis paulatim a montibus umbra.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Jam colles siluere; silent per prata locustæ;
Glauca lacerta jacens, in saxum projicit umbram,

Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love;
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all a-weary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Hear me, O earth! hear me, O hills! O caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God;
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breath'd,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
I waited underneath the dawning hills:
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horn'd, white-hoof'd,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

Ipsa umbram referens. Inter cunabula florum
Aurea dormit apis: dormit tranquilla cicada:
Languent purpurei flores. Ego sola soporis
Inscia: me flentes oculi, me cordis amores,
Me luctus, duræque tenent mala tædia vitæ.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Proh juga, proh tellus, gelidisque audite cavernæ
Anguibus implicitæ, celeresque e montibus amnes!
Me Numen genuit fluviale. Ego, qualia lentum
Lente illa ad cantum, (nubi sic indita forma,)
Mœnia surrexisse ferunt, ita carmine luctum
Informare velim, soliti si forte doloris
Infixum liceat tantillum fallere vulnus.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Suspiciens montes incerta luce rubentes,
Et gelido pinus suffusas rore, sedebam:
Cum Paris, heu! nimium pulcri sub tegmine vultus
Turpia corda fovens, albis et cornibus hircum
Insignem pedibusque adducens, cætera nigrum,
Solus arundinea venit Simoentis ab unda.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted, like a star
Fronting the dawn, he mov'd: a leopard-skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd, as the foambow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
He smil'd, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclos'd a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart. 'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind, engrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
He press'd the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
At me præcipites procul e convallibus undæ
Visæ compellare: procul, super invia montis,
Incedens tacito signabat culmina gressu,
Et puras Aurora nives. Ego sola sedebam
Triste tuens: illum mox albo pectore, ut atras
Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,
Vidi affulgentem. Lateris gestamina pulcri
Exuviæ pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines,
Splendebantque genæ, qualis, cum ventus aquosam
Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris auras.
Illum amplexa oculis, totoque e corde vocavi.

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Continuo flavum, quod lactea dextra tenebat,
Ostendit malum, Hesperioque insignius auro,
Purique ambrosios exspirans roris odores,
Risitque alludens. Arrecta mente manebam:
Protinus e suavi manantia verba labello
Cor pepulere meum: 'Speciosam candida frontem,
Œnone, mea vita, hujusne in cortice pomi
Inscriptum, "Capiat quæ sit pulcherrima," cernis?
O quæ nec faciles motus, neque frontis amœnam
Juncturam, Phrygiæ decedis Oreasin Idæ,
Nonne tibi meritam liceat captare coronam?'

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Labris labra meis, roseum referentia florem,
Admovit, dixitque: 'Vides, quod fertur amaras,

When all the full-fac'd presence of the Gods
Rang'd in the halls of Peleus: whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Deliv'ring that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
May'st well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came;
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos, and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.

Dis amplo aspectu Pelei celebrantibus aulam,
Appositum rixas genuisse. Hoc nuntia malum
Detulit en! Iris celeri velocior aura,
Et mihi permissum communi fœdere palmæ
Tradidit arbitrium. Quin mox cum Pallade Juno
Concurrens aderit magna ad certamina formæ,
Et Cytherea Venus. Tu, qua longæva susurrant
Pineta, antrorum videas celata latebris
Me Paridem tantas Superum componere lites.'

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Arduus in medio flagrabat Phœbus Olympo:
Unaque, protenti latera inter pinea saltus,
Errabat nubes. Herbosum adeuntibus antrum,
Fulgida, sub pedibus nudarum, copia florum,
Lilia cum violis et amaracus asphodelusque
Ludere, cum loto, vitesque hederæque vagantes
Desuper innumeras vento intertexere vittas,
Mistaque baccarum in vario cum flore racemo
Infula nodosis frondes involvere ramis.

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Tum super arboribus summis delapsa morari
Visa, et odoriferum sensim diffundere rorem
Aurea cristati nubes pavonis in alas.

Then first I heard the voice of her to whom,
Coming thro' heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'From many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore:
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel,
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Still she spake on, and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And thron'd of wisdom; from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, heav'n's queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men in power
Only are likest Gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

Protinus audiri, cui per cœlestia regna
Grassanti, ut lumen majores crescit in orbes,
Unanimi assurgunt Superi. 'Tibi regis honores,
Intactæ ditionis opes, quascunque vel arva
Fluminis ad ripas interlabentis amœnas
Fertilia effundant, vel terra effossa metallis
Reddat inexhaustis, mea sunt donanda: vel urbes
Larga e congestis quæ vectigalia gazis
Contulerint; pelagique procul cogenda per undas,
Qua vitreo in portus glomeratos æquore malos
Despiciunt veteres summis a turribus arces.'

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
'A me,' continuo, 'tibi derivata vigebit
Illa homini finis rerum, opportuna Potestas,
Cui nutrix propriam dederit Sapientia sedem:
Unde et finitimi, donec moritura resignet
Sceptra manus, reges sociata et subdita jungant
Jura tuis. Tibi, pastor adhuc, sed regia proles,
Hæc, regina Deum, quæ sint gratissima, servo;
Non aliter Dis æquando, trans fulminis ortum
Æternam nactis propria inter regna quietem.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
She ceased: and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of pow
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas,—where she stoo
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear,
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply:
'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest. Yet, indeed,
If, gazing on divinity disrobed,
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiass'd with self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Desiit: et Paridem, promisso munere lætum,
Vidi ego tendentem cum optato brachia pomo:
Sed Pallas, nudos semota ubi constitit artus
Effulgens, humerosque hasta trajecta nitentes,
Dum super in niveosque sinus iramque genarum
Excubias agerent immoto lumina vultu,
'Te colito: te nosce ipsum:' (sic casta Dearum)
'Te regito: hac itur summi ad fastigia regni.
Nec tamen hunc libeat sectando quærere finem:
Sponte aderit. Sapiens unus, cui ponere rectam
Vivendi steterit normam, qui ducere norit
Venturi impavidum securus temporis ævum.'

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Deinde: 'Nec illecebris frustra deflectere litem
Constitui. Mea non adjecto munere forma
Clarior eniteat. Quod sum pulcherrima, per me
Ipsa probo.
Sed et oh! si contemplata Dearum
Nudatam speciem, vincat mortalia iniquum
Lumina judicium—si fas est fallere lucro—
Me tibi polliceor. Vegetos tibi detur amores
Abdita per cordis rapere, interiusque medullis

So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the fullgrown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ce
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bath'd in Paphian w
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foo
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches,
Floated the glowing sunlight, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
She, with a subtle smile in her mild eye,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'

Illapsam sentire Deam. Sic crescet agendo,
Quicquid eris, duræ per spreta pericula vitæ,
Vis assueta pati, et tandem matura voluntas
Liberaque et sibimet lex impolluta vigebit.'

"Dixit: et hærentem dubio certamine mentem
Urgebam Paridi: 'Pallas tibi præmia, Pallas
Occupet!' Ah miseræ vanos confessa dolores!
Noluit, an nequiit, supremam audire querelam?

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Ambrosia collum atque humeros aurata decoros
Cæsarie, roseo gracilis quam dextra retorsit
Innexam digito, pectus frontemque revelans,
Prodiit Idalia e Paphiæ modo fontibus undæ
Exoriens, spumæ similis Cytherea parenti:
Ad motum, tenues mistisque ruboribus albi
E violis micuere pedes, teretesque per artus,
Vitibus incertas super intexentibus umbras,
Phœbei rutilam radii diffundere lucem.

"Ida meam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Mox Dea, fatidico in caput inclinata susurro,
Jam victrix, placidoque arridens subdola vultu,
'Sponsam polliceor; qua sit nec amantior ulla,
Nec formam in Danais æque spectanda puellis."

She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Here's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower:
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Fairest—why fairest wife? Am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I pass'd by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail,
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine, in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simoïs.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark, tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs, in the dark morn,

Nec plura, et risit. Mihi defecere paventi
Lumina. Suspiciens, Paridis cedentia vidi
Brachia, Junonemque aspectu torva minantem,
Aurea ut involvit nubes. Ego sola manebam:
Sola gemo: solam mors exoptata levabit.

"Ida tamen, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Scilicet et forma superat? Sed nec mihi formam
Deesse puer per mille vices iterare solebat.
Quinetiam pardus nuper mihi visus eunti
Blanditiis (mirum) insolitis, oculosque coruscus
Hesperio velut astra polo, per gramina lente
Ludere mulcendo, et pedibus subvolvere caudam.
Suavior at, dulces melius quæ novit amores?
Ah, mihi deliciæ! mea si te brachia cingant
Implicitum complexa! O si flagrantia detur
Oscula delibare iterumque iterumque labellis,
Æmula continui roris, qualisve coruscat
Multus in autumno Xanthi torrentibus imber!

"Extremam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Tum cæsæ periere mihi, mea gaudia, pinus,
Queis in cæruleam super impendentibus olim
Convallem, in foliis nemorosæ rupis, et inter
Montanasque nives niveæque voraginis æstum,
Aeriis aquilæ prolem fovere latebris:
Unde, per horrentem cæca caligine frondem,

The panther's roar came muffled, as I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them: never see them overlaid
With narrow moonlit strips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change: that I might speak my mind,
And tell her, to her face, how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,

Nocte sub incerta, procul ima in valle sedenti
Panthera impulerat surdis mugitibus aurem.
Non ibi, non iterum, mea per pineta vapores
Radere iter rapidum prima sub luce videbo:
Nec tremulas inter stellas laticesque sonoros
Argentea tenues tinget face Cynthia nubes.

"Extremam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe
vocem.
Illa mihi in dumis Infanda arentibus olim,
Fragmina vel scopulum sive inter ovilia dudum
Deserta, occurrat, quæ Dis apud atria Pelei
Invitis epulas injecto miscuit auro,
Hasque mihi fecit lacrimas: sic impia demum
Audiat, et nobis et Dis invisa supremis.

"Extremam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe
vocem.
Nonne mihi toties, hac ipsa in valle sedenti
Ad lapidem, perque hanc dextram, juravit amorem,
Osculaque et fido lacrimæ sanxere sigillo?
Heu quales recolo amissa dulcedine fletus!
Felices agri, vosque, o felicia testor
Sidera, me nimium et vanas perpessa querelas!
Mors eheu! mors assidua mortalibus umbra
Involitans! satis est miserum tibi copia prædæ;

Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
Hear me, O earth! I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill, happy laughter come to me,
Walking the cold and starless road of death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise, and go
Down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be, I know not; but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am, by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

TENNYSON.

Ne tu felices animas, queis vivere dulce est,
Præripias: hanc invisæ mihi lampada vitæ
Conde tenebrosæ involvens caligine noctis.
Corda diu penitus te persensere receptam—
Pressa sit haud alio componere lumina leto.

"Extremam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Non ego Lethæas ibo incomitata per undas.
Namque mihi, arcanis si quando oriuntur inanes
Montibus, ut pressa in tacitam vestigia lanam,
Nocte soni, fervet dubii mens præscia fati.
Auguror incertum facinus, ceu conscia mater
Visa sibi ignotæ formam prænoscere prolis:
—Ut dixi, ut tremui! Ne sit peperisse, paternum
Qui referat vana male natus imagine vultum!

"Extremam, genetrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Terra eheu! Stygias non ibo sola per undas,
Neve mihi, gelidæ tenebroso in tramite mortis,
Arguto illudant, nullo solamine, risu,
Linquenti veteres Graia cum pellice amores.
Troja mihi quærenda. Velim surgentibus astris
Cassandram affari: cui volvitur ignea semper
Ante oculos species, sonat indefessus in aures
Nescio quis belli clangor. Mihi nocte dieque
Ardent perpetuæ terram per et æthera flammæ."

L.

The Battle Vision.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
  That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
  And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
  He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
  And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

TENNYSON.

The Bouncing Girl.

What care I how black I be?
Twenty pounds will marry me:
If twenty won't, forty shall;
For I'm my mother's bouncing girl.

GAMMER GURTON.

Noble Numbers.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men?

HERRICK.

Subiit deserta Creusa.

Vox tua per raucum clamantia cornua Martem
  Conjugis armati lapsa sub aure cadit.
Tum tua per sensus carissima serpit imago,
  Vimque parit dextræ, spesque dat esse ratas.
Ergo ante ora brevi, dum buccina perstrepit agmen,
  Te videt, obsessos prole tenente pedes:
Fulgure tum citior ruit indignatus in hostem,
  Et ferit, inque ictum teque tuosque vocat.

H. M. B.

Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.

Eien· *μελάγχρως εἰμ᾽ ἐγώ. τί μοι μέλει,*
ᾗ γ᾽ ἔστιν ἄνδρα μναῖς ἐφέλκεσθαι τρισίν;
εἰ μὴ τρισὶν δέ, δὶς τρισὶν τὶς ἀντερεῖ;
ἆρ᾽ οὐχὶ βούπαις εἰμὶ τῆς μητρὸς κόρη;

E. C. H.

Divina Poesis.

Nobilibus numeris detur sua gloria: versus
  Vivendo vincunt maxima facta ducum.

H. A. J. M.

Il Penseroso.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And bring with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.

Adeste, fideles.

Huc, Vestalis, ades, pio
Corde seria cogitans,
Casta, sobria, pervicax,
Os severa, nigerrimo
    Palla operta colore:
Ista nobilis instita
Fluctuante superbiat;
Cypriæque humeros tibi
Pulla rica coerceat
    Sindonis pudibundos.
Perge, sed solito statu,
Sed pari pede prodeas,
Os gerens meditantis et
Colloquentia cum polo
    Vulta, plena animæ vi;
Tota mens ibi sit; sacroque
Illigata furore, fi
Marmor inscia: mox humum
Fixa lumine plumbeo
    Tristis intueare.
Paxque blanda, Quies, simulque
Abstinentia eat tenax,
Cælitum hospita quæ frequens
Audit Aonidum choros
    Psallere ad Jovis aram.

And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation.

MILTON.

The Parents' Warning.

THREE children sliding on the ice
  All on a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
  The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at school,
  Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
  They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
  And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
  Pray keep them safe at home.

GAMMER GURTON.

Adjice his latebras amans
Otium quod in hortulis
Elegantibus ambulat:
Prima sed tamen adsit o,
    Sed potissima tecum,
Quæ per æthera pinnulis
Ecce tollitur aureis,
Igneo solium rotans
Axe, dia Theoria,
    Diva dia dearum.

H. A. J. M.

Parentes Admoniti.

ΚΡΥΣΤΑΛΛΟΠΗΚΤΟΥΣ τρίπτυχοι κόροι ῥοὰς
ὥρᾳ θέρους ψαίροντες εὐτάρσοις ποσί,
δίναις ἔπιπτον, οἷα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,
ἅπαντες· εἶτ' ἔφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.
ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλεισμένοι μοχλοῖς,
ἢ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδῳ,
χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδόσθαι σταθμῶν,
εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.
ἀλλ', ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
ὅσοις δὲ μή, βλαστήματ' εὐτέκνου σπορᾶς,
ἣν εὐτυχεῖς εὔχησθε τὰς θυράζ' ὁδοὺς
τοῖς παισίν, εὖ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.

R. P.

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and Campaspe play'd
At cardes for kisses; Cupid pay'd:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of mee?

LYLYE.

Ba! Ba!

'Ba! ba! black sheep,
Have you any wool?'
'Yes, master, that we have,
Two bags full:
One for our master,
And one for our dame,
But none for the naughty boy
That lives in the lane.'

GAMMER GURTON.

Amor et Campaspe.

LUDEBANT simul alea Cupido et
Campaspe mea pignore osculorum.
Hæc rapto fruitur: sed ille postis
Arcuque et pharetra, suis sagittis,
Materno pare passerum et columbis,
Jactu perdit et illa; perditisque,
Promit curalium labri, rosamque
Miris ingenitam modis genarum;
His et marmora frontis et latentem
Addit purpureo sub ore risum;
Quæcumque opposuit, rapit puella.
Certat in geminos dehinc ocellos,
Exsurgitque oculis minor Cupido.
O factum male vel Deo! sed in me,
Mortali misero, ah quid est futurum?

G. C.*

Pravis pueris quod accidit.

'BIS salveto, ovium phalanx nigrarum!
Lanam, delicias meas, habetis?'
'O quidni duo sacculos habemus?
En unum dominæ, alterum magistro!
Sed pravus puer est in angiportu,
Et pravis pueris nihil feremus.'

H. D.

Apology for Pleasure.

GLAUCOPIS forsakes her own,
  The angry gods forget us:
But still the blue streams along
Wake the feet of the silver song,
And the night-bird wakes the moon,
And the bees in the blushing noon
  Haunt the heart of the old Hymettus.

We are fallen, but not forlorn,
  While something is left us to cherish;
As Love was the earliest born,
  So Love is the last to perish.

Wreathe, then, the roses, wreathe!
  The beautiful still is ours;
While the stream shall flow, and the skies shall glow
  The beautiful still is ours.

Whatever is fair or soft or bright
In the lap of Day or the arms of Night,
Whispers the soul of Greece, of Greece,
And hushes our cares with a voice of peace;

Wreathe, then, the roses, wreathe!
  They tell me of earlier hours;
And I hear the heart of my country breathe
  From the lips of the stranger's flowers.

BULWER LYTTON.

Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ.

Deserit indignata suas Glaucopis Athenas;
  Helladis oblitos depulit ira Deos.
Haud secus at vitreæ per ripas undique lymphæ
  Excitat argenteos Calliopea pedes.
Excitat hic Lunam tremula Philomela querela,
  Hic apis assuetas itque reditque vias,
Inque diem antiqui penetralia lustrat Hymetti
  Quæ Phœbi medius tingit aprica rubor.
Esto, prosternamur; at haud prosternimur orbi,
  Donec adhuc reliquum quod foveamus adest.
Primus ut Inachiis amor est exortus in oris,
  Ultima sic fato victima cedet amor.
Nescio quid pulcri est quod adhuc sibi vindicat Hellas
  (Nectite, io, Paphia, nectite serta rosa)
Cælo dum superest fulgor, dum flumina Nymphis,
  Non Cypris hanc sobolem denegat esse suam.
Quotquot mollitias, puri quodcunque nitoris,
  Auroræ gremium Noctis et ulna ferant,
Hellada concelebrant, ipsam Hellada, mille susurri,
  Dum trepidos sedet pax rediviva metus.
Texite vos roseæ, sic texite serta corollæ,
  Hæc nitidos referunt qui periere dies;
Floribus haud patriis patriæ jam spiritus afflans
  Ducit odoratis murmura nota labris.

A. H.

Brutus.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? That!—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,—
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent.

Shakspeare.

Brutus.

Φονᾷ τὸ πρᾶγος· ὦφλε δ' ὡς ἐμοὶ μὲν οὔ
κατ' αὐτὸς αὐτὸν λὰξ πατούμενος θανεῖν,
εἰ μή τι τοῖς πλείστοισι. κοιρανεῖν ἐρᾷ·
μέλλων τί πάσχειν; τοῦτο δὴ ζητητέον.
πρόσειλος ἥ γ' ἔχιδνά τοι φαντάζεται,
ἵν' εὐλαβεῖσθαι τοῖς ὁδοιπόροις ἀκμή.
καὶ δὴ τύραννος γέγονε· χαιρέτω πόλις·
κέντρον γὰρ εἴη τῷδ' ἄν, οὐκέτ' ἀντερῶ,
ἐνθεῖσ', ὅτῳ δύναιτ' ἂν οὓς θέλῃ δάκνειν.
διαφθορὰ γὰρ ἥδε τῆς ἀρχῆς ἔφυ,
ἐν ᾧ τὸν οἶκτον τοῦ κράτους ἐχώρισεν·
ἐκμαρτυρήσω δ' οὐκ ἰδὼν τῷ Καίσαρι
γνώμης ποτ' αἰδῶ μείζον' ἴσχουσαν ῥοπήν.
καίτοι θάμ' ἦν ἔνδηλον ὡς κλῖμάξ τις ὂν
τὸ πνεῖν χαμηλὰ τοῖς μέγ' ἐλπίζουσι πνεῖν,
πρὸς ἥν τις ἐστήριξεν ἀναβαίνων κάρα·
ἄκρον δὲ βαθμὸν οὐ φθάνει κατασχεθὼν
καὶ νωτίσας τὴν κλίμακ' εἶτ' ἀπεστράφη,
μετάρσιόν τ' ἔβλεψεν, αἷς ἐπήκρισεν
ἐξωριάζων δουλίους προσαμβάσεις.
ἃ κἂν ποιήσαι Καῖσαρ· ἀλλ' εἴργειν τὸ μή.

R. C. J.

The Death Bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As through her breast the tide of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another day than ours.

HOOD.

Marmion.

O woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

Macie confecta suprema.

Per noctem vigiles spirantia labra tuemur,
Languet ut in tremulo debilis aura sinu;
Sanguis et in venis alterno molliter æstu
Fluctuat, æstivi ceu tumet unda maris.

Tempore nos illo vix pressa voce cubantem,
Vix motu audemus sollicitare pedum:
Tanquam pars animæ nostræ data mutua posset
Exiguas vitæ continuare moras.

Spes modo deludens falsos monet esse timores,
Fallaces iterum spes monet esse timor;
Dormiit ut virgo, visa est tunc cedere morti,
Mortua, tunc leni est visa sopore frui.

Nam simul ac tristi rediit sol frigidus orbi,
Et matutino palluit imbre polus;
Composuit tranquilla oculos—affulserat illi
Clarior in cælo Lux, aliusque dies.

H. I. H.

Splendide Mendax.

Femina, quæ molles si quando carpimus horas,
Tristis es, et dubia concilianda vice;
Quæ levior zephyro, tremulaque incertior umbra
Quam facit alternis populus alba comis:
Tu, quoties ægri frontem dolor improbus angit,
Fungeris angelico sola ministerio.

H. J. T. D.

Hey Diddle Diddle.

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
 The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laught to see such fine sport;
 And the dish ran away with the spoon.

GAMMER GURTON.

The Duke of Sesse.

He that fears death or tortures, let him leave me;
The stops that we have met with crown our conquest.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have smiled at sea at certain ruins,
Which men on shore but hazarded would shake at?
We that have lived free in despite of fortune,
Laughed at the outstretched arm of tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'er divide us; you are still the same,
The constant followers of my banished fortunes,
The instruments of my revenge, the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

FLETCHER.

Hei Didulum.

Hei didulum—atque iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!
  Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit:
Spectatum admissus risit sine fine Catellus,
  Et subita rapuit lanx cochleare fuga.

H. D.

Ἐς μάχην ὁρμῶντες εὐψύχῳ θράσει.

Ὅστις δέδοικε θάνατον ἢ λώβας, ἴτω.
νίκης γὰρ ἡμῖν τἀμποδὼν θριγκοῖ σθένος.
τοῖς γὰρ τυχοῦσι χὠ τυχὼν ἀγὼν πρέπει,
οἱ δ' αὖ περισσοὶ ταῖς περισσαῖσιν φρεσίν.
πῶς δ' ἂν φοβοίμεθ', οἵτινες θαλάσσιοι
προὔπτον μόρον θαρσοῦμεν, ὃν κίνδυνον ἂν
τρέσειε καὶ μέλλοντα χερσαῖος στρατός;
τίς δ' ἂν κάμοι νῦν, ζῶν γ' ἐλευθέρως βίᾳ
τύχης, ὁ μεμφθεὶς ἐκταθεῖσαν ὕβρεως
ὡς ἐνδέουσαν ξυμμέτρου μήκους χέρα;
ἀλλ' οἶδα θυμὸν ὀξύν, ὦ κεδνοὶ φίλοι,
σθένοντες ὡς κατ' ἄνδρας εὐτόλμῳ θράσει.
πολλοῖς ἔλυσεν ἀρθμὸν ἡ δυσπραξία,
ἀλλ' ἡμὶν οὔπω· λῆμ' ἔθ' ὑμὶν ἐμπρέπει
ταὐτόν, φυγῆς γὰρ ἐμπέδως κοινοῦσθέ μοι
τιμωρίαν σπεύδοντες, ὧν ὑπουργίᾳ
χειρῶν τεχνῶμαι κἀκπονῶ βουλεύματα.

R. S.

The Vision of Sin.

FILL the cup and fill the can,
  Have a rouse before the morn:
Every minute dies a man,
  Every minute one is born.

Drink, and let the parties rave:
  They are filled with idle spleen,
Rising, falling, like a wave,
  For they know not what they mean.

He that roars for liberty
  Faster binds the tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
  Forces on the freer hour.

Fill the can and fill the cup:
  All the windy ways of men,
Are but dust that rises up,
  And is lightly laid again.

Greet her with applausive breath,
  Freedom, gaily doth she tread,
In her right a civic wreath,
  In her left a human head.

No, I love not what is new:
  She is of an ancient house,
And I think we know the hue
  Of that cap upon her brows.

Let her go! her thirst she slakes
  Where the bloody conduit runs;
Then her sweetest meal she makes
  On the firstborn of her sons.

TENNYSON.

Pone Crateram.

PONE crateram cyathisque sumptis
Liber indulge genio ante lucem:
Quodque momentum videt hos perire,
Nascier illos.

Tu bibe, et cæco sine factiones
Splene delirent: sibi nescientes
Quid velint, crescuntque caduntque rursum,
Ceu maris æstus.

Artius contendit heri ferocis
Vincla libertatis ineptus auctor:
Hujus adventum properat maligno
Ille triumpho.

Pone crateram cyathisque sumptis
Spiritum ride popularis auræ,
Vana quæ surgit leviorque rursum
Pulvere sidit.

Alma libertas, tibi gratulamur:
Civica dextram redimita quercu,
Splendide prodis, hominisque gestas
Ora sinistra.

Displicent nobis nova: pervetustum
Tu genus jactas; tuus iste sueto
Cognitus, ni fallor, apex rubore
Tempora velat.

I:—sitim sedas ubi aquæ viarum
Sanguinem manant; tua deinde proles
Pabulum præbet tibi delicatum
Maxima natu.

H. A. J. M.

Bermuda.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
'What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
But yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us an eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
In daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels, more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet:
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.

Bermuda.

BERMUDA pelago qua reclinat insula,
Invisitata navibus,
Hanc cantilenam lintre remigantium
Exaudiit Favonius:
'Quid nos, quid aliud, quam Dei laudes loqui
Hunc dantis appulsum decet?
Qui litus hoc reclusit, ignotum prius,
Utcunque nostro mitius:
Qua dira cete brevibus illidit vadis,
Quæ maria dorsis sublevant!
Hac nempe ripa spiritus ponit maris,
Et Præsulum exsecratio.
Hic, hic colorem veris æterni dedit,
Quo cuncta rident illita,
Paransque lautas semper in diem dapes
Huc agmina egit alitum.
Hic inter umbras mala tendit aurea,
Ceu nocte viridi lumina;
Intusque grana condit albicantia,
Prælata gemmis Persidum.
At, dulciorem mellibus, labris facit
Hinc ficum et hinc occurrere;
Citrosque nostris stravit in vestigiis,
Quas nulla bis tulerit parens.

With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He plants the land:
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He casts (whereof we rather boast)
The Gospel pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault;
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'
Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVEL.

O that I was.

O THAT I was where I would be!
Then I would be where I am not:
But where I am I still must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

GAMMER GURTON.

Hic inque Libano monte quæsitas cedros
    His ipse transtulit jugis;
Jussitque longe provoluta subvehi
    Strepente fluctu succina.
Quin et Penates (majus) huc rapuit fretis,
    Ceu margaritas æquoris;
Specusque posuit more templorum arduos,
    Qua sacra fierent cælitum.
Ergo inchoantes laudis altisonæ chorum
    Illum usque clamemus Deum,
Donec reverberatus exultet fragor,
    Ultra recessus Mexicos!'
Tales Britanni lintre fundebant sonos,
    Pietate freti conscia;
Ultroque remis in modum cadentibus,
    Insigne curabant melos.

C. M.

Displicet iste locus, clamo.

O UTINAM essem, qua nunc esse volo!
Essem celeriter, qua non esse nolo:
Sed esse loco, quo sum, est necesse,
Et nequeo, quo loco essem, esse.

H. D.

To a Lady's Girdle.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

Ride a Cock Horse.

RIDE a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse:
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

GAMMER GURTON.

In Zonam.

ZONA solet gracilem qua cingere Lesbia formam,
  Quam bene temporibus fit diadema meis.
Mygdonia vellet Crœsus ditione pacisci,
  Huic quod erat, Crœso munus ut esset idem.
Hæc mihi formosam sæpsit custodia cervam,
  Sæpsit inaccessus quicquid Olympus habet.
Spes ubi plena metus, ubi versaretur amandi
  Dulcis amarities, sat dabat una loci.
Arctior illa quidem; sed quæ complexa teneret
  Si qua placet pietas, si qua venusta placent.
Zona quod hæc vinxit proprio concede fruamur:
  Sic tibi quod passim Phœbus oberrat habe.

R. C. J.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

INFANS, quadrivium ad Banburiensium
Manno te celerem corripe ligneo:
Illic quadrupedem flectere candidum
  Miram conspicies Anum.

En, quinque in digitis sex habet annulos,
Tintinnabula sex in digitis pedum!
Felix, dulce melos, quod ciet undique,
  Quoquo vertitur, audiet!

B.

The Sacrifice.

CHOOSE the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie:
Altars rais'd of turf or stone
Will the infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled hair, that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

Pour in blood and bloodlike wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:
Mingle milk into the stream:
Feast the ghosts that love the steam.
Snatch a brand from funeral pile:
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

DRYDEN.

Η ΘΥΣΙΑ.

Ἄγ' οὖν, σκοτεινὸν ἐξερευνήσας μυχόν,
οἷον μεσημβρινοῖσιν ἐν χρόνοις φιλεῖ
εἴδωλ' ἐνοικεῖν, Λαΐου πεσήμασι
παρ' ὀστίνοισι σκάπτε μοι τάφρου βάθος.
οὐ γάρ τι χλωροῖς οὐδὲ λαϊνοῖς ποτὲ
χαίρουσι βωμοῖς οἵ γε νέρτεροι Θεοί.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἆρ' ηὐτρέπισται πάνθ' ὅσα σφαγῆς ἔχει;
τὴν στεῖραν οὖν ὄπισθεν εἰς τάφρον χρεὼν
μόσχον καθέλκειν· τοῦτο δ' εὖ φύλασσ', ὅπως
στεῖράν τε καὶ μέλαιναν αἱμάξεις χεροῖν.
ἔπειτα πλεκτὰς δεῖ σ' ἀποθρίσαι τρίχας,
ἅσπερ κεράτων ὀμμάτων τ' ἔχει μέσας.
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἀλλ' αἷματ' ἐγχεῖν αἵμασίν τε προσφερὲς
οἴνου γάνος μέμνησο, παμμήτωρ δὲ Γῆ
δῶρον τόδ' ἱερὸν ἥ τε Περσέφασσ' ἔχοι·
τίθες δὲ ταῖς ῥοαῖσι συγκραθὲν γάλα,
ἵν' ἀτμίσιν χαίροντες οἱ κεκμηκότες
θαλίαν ἔχωσιν· ἐκ δέ του νεκρῶν πυρᾶς
ἀφαρπάσας σὺ δαλὸν εἰς τάφρον βάλε,
ὅθεν τὸ σύμπαν κάρτ' ἀναζέσει φλογί.
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

L.

Mont Blanc before Sun-rise.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

COLERIDGE.

In Album Montem.

Dic quibus illecebris, magico quo carmine flectas
Luciferum prono in cursu; dic, maxime regum
Rex montanorum? capitis sic vertice calvi
Hæsitat, Albe, tuo, et lascivit amore morandi.
Inferius fremit Arva, exæstuat, improbus amnis,
Arvirisque soror: sed tu, sanctissima Rupes,
Surgis ab undanti pinorum molliter umbra
Ipsa immota, silens. Te circum et desuper Aer
Corporeus, vastaque niger caligine pendet,
Densum ebeni robur, cuneato fissile saxo!
Frons ea prima fuit: sed jam mihi proditur error:
Est tua pura domus, sunt et crystallina fana;
Est, quod ab æterno fuit, inviolabile regnum.
Mons sacer, O torvæ taciturna palatia brumæ,
Totus eram in vobis, donec, rerumque locorumque
Immemor, obtutu starem defixus in illo,
Aspiceremque nihil: tum demum numine vinci
Arcano, atque unum supplex orare Jehovam.
  Sed veluti melicæ quadam dulcedine vocis
Fallimur auriti, neque adhuc audire videmur;
Intima sic tangis præcordia, nectere mecum,
Pars melior vitæ: sic visi fœdere certo
Consentire dies et prospera fata duorum:
Donec se expandens Animus, perque omnia fusus,
Inque gigantea resolutus imagine, formam
Ceu capiat propriam, cæli ad fulgentia templa
Exoritur, superisque petit miscerier auris.

H. D.

The Pledge.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
  And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth spring
  Doth ask a draught divine;
But might I from Jove's necta·· sip,
  I'd change it not for thine.

BEN JONSON.

Pillycock.

Old Pillycock sat on a grassy hill,
And if he don't go, he will sit there still.

GAMMER GURTON.

The Marks of Love.

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boast'st to love as well as me,
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet,
To kneel, to languish, to implore,
And still, though she disdain, adore.
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

Propinatio.

LUMINIBUS solis mihi, Lydia cara, propines;
  Luminibus reddam mox ego, crede, vices:
Vel tantum admoto cyathum mihi tinge labello,
  Et desiderium fugerit omne meri.
Scilicet, ex anima quæ fervida nascitur ima,
  Non nisi divino est fonte levanda sitis;
Ast ego, donentur mihi si Jovis ipsa, recusem
  Pocula: sunt labris illa secunda tuis.

G. J. K.

Pillicoccius.

LACERPICIFERO jugo sedebat,
Et, si non abeat, diu sedebit,
Spes ille ultima Pillicocciorum.

H. D.

Indicia Amoris.

FERRE parem nostris qui te, puer, ignibus ignem
  Jactas, si caleat forte quis igne pari,
Infelix tua vota refer: referam ipse vicissim,
  Quid sit Amor, pateat qualibus ille notis.

Est, pasci in totos risum, si riserit, annos:
  Est, solvi in lacrimas, fundere vota, preces:
Ante pedes semper volvi et languere puellæ;
  Si fugit illa, sequi: sic cupere usque sequi.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise,
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel, who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though heaven and earth thy wishes cross'd:
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou darest not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears:
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast loved.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Rapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love: for love is nourish'd so.

Est, in virgineis hærere ardenter ocellis;
  Pectora dum cohibet, ceu peritura, timor,
Ne qua forte procax vel ab imo corde susurrus
  Auriculas stringat, commaculetque genas.

Est, spe dimissa non desperare, resistant
  Si votis homines, si Deus ipse, tuis:
Illa licet Venerem superet, tuque infimus Ægon,
  Ni te spes foveat, non tibi notus amor.

Est, lacrimas inter gaudere, et gaudia luctu
  Miscere; est, pacta contremere usque fide:
Namque licet casta sit castior illa Diana,
  Ni sic horrueris, non tibi notus amor.

Dumque absit, ni percupias tecum esse, viasque
  Sæpius ambiguas incomitatus eas;
Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illo,
  Quicquid id est, raptus, non tibi notus amor.

If any hopes thy bosom share,
But those which Love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthral,
Thou never yet his power hast known:
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Hither thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure:
We'll strive whose fancy shall be tost
In dreams of fondest passion most;
For if thou thus hast loved, oh never hope a cı

BARBAULD.

Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I!'

GAMMER GURTON.

Jlla tuum pectus si tangat spesve metusve,
  Quæ tibi non Veneris filius inseruit,
Iinc, simulator, abi! nondum urere: cuncta tyrannus
  Nam regit imperio, cum regit, iste fero.

ıtqui si fueris, puer, ah! tam proditus, adsis;
  Ut, quid uterque gemat, discere uterque queat;
)uisquis enim tantos animo conceperis ignes,
  Invenies nullam, quæ tibi prosit, opem.

F. W.

Festo quid potius die.

HORNER IACCULO sedit in angulo,
Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,
  Crustum dulce et amabile:
Inquit et unum extrahens prunum:
'Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris
  Exemplar imitabile!'

H. D.

Sweet Echo.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the spher
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmoni

MILTON.

Dulcis Echo.

'Αχώ, κλῦθί μοι, 'Αχὼ, *στροφή.*
νυμφάων ἀγανωτάτα,
κρυπτὸν ἀέριον σκάφος
ναίουσ', ἢ χλοερὰν πλάκα
Μαιάνδρου παρ' ἀκύμονος,
βάσσας ἢ κατ' ἰοδνεφεῖς,
ὅπου θ' ἁ δυσέρως πάννυχ'
ἀηδὼν μέλος οἰκτρὸν
καλῶς σοὶ καταθρηνεῖ·
λίσσομαι, ἁβράν μοι,
κούρα, φράζε συνωρίδα,
ποῦ ναίει, μάλα τῷ σῷ *ἀντιστροφή.*
Ναρκίσσῳ δέμας ἐμφερής·
εἰ δ' ἔκρυψας ἐν ἄνθεσι
σπηλαίου τινὸς, ἀλλά μοι
εἴποις ποῦ ποτε, φιλτάτα
φεῦ δέσποιν' ὀάρου θεὰ,
πρόφρασσ', οὐρανόπαι. κεἰς πο-
λὸν οὕτω μεταναστᾶσ',
'Ολύμποιο μελάθρων
εὐκέλαδον πάσῃ
δοίης ἁρμονίᾳ χάριν.

L.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone;
  The cheerful hearts now broken.
When I remember all
  The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!

MOORE.

The Tell-Tale.

I will tell my own daddy, when he comes home,
What little good work my mammy has done:
She has earnt a penny, spent a groat,
And a hole is torn in the baby's new coat.

GAMMER GURTON.

Ad Absentes Amicos.

Sæpe mihi, dum nox late silet, ante catena
  Quam domitos sensus vinxerit alma quies,
Præteritos reparat magica dulcedine soles
  Mnemosyne, cupida sollicitata prece.
Omne redit, quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,
  Quidquid et effari motus amore puer;
Qui nunc luce carent, oculi effulgere videntur;
  Quæ periere, novo corda lepore micant.
Ah! quoties animo veteres reminiscor amicos,
  Indelibata pectora juncta fide,
Quos ego, væ misero, vidi cecidisse superstes,
  Ut folia hiberno flamine rapta cadunt;
Deserta videor spatiari mœstus in aula,
  Quam nuper festi perstrepuere chori;
Qua lychni sine luce manent, sine odore corollæ;
  Et, de convivis tot modo, solus ego!

B. H. K.

Sycophanta.

Optimus ille domum redeat pater, omnia dicam—
  O pater, infelix accipe matris opus;
Unum demeruit, consumpsit quatuor asses,
  Inque nova infantis veste foramen hiat!

H. D.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
  For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
  And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
  Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
  Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
  Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
  And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right good-willie waught,
  For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
  And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne.

Tempus Actum.

PRISCORUM immemores esse sodalium,
Lapsis ex animo quos adamavimus,
Priscorum immemores esse sodalium, et
Acti temporis—hoc decet?

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
Acti temporis ob dies.

Flores in calathis nos amaranthinos
Una per juga quot devia legimus!
Sed lassos peregre traximus heu! pedes,
Annis ex puerilibus.

Quin solem ad medium margine fontium
Certatim in vitreo flumine lusimus:
Ast inter fremuit nos patulum mare,
Annis ex puerilibus.

Amplexum, comes o fide, morabimur
Dulcem—labra labris et manibus manum?
Depromptæ quis erit jam modus amphoræ,
Acti temporis ob dies?

Potantes cyathi fœdere, mutuum
Sumemus dabimusque impavidi merum;
Cingemurque pia tempora pampino,
Acti temporis ob dies.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
  For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne.

BURNS.

The Secret.

HERE, Chloe, dear Chloe, I'll tell you some news;
I've just learnt it myself, and I cannot refuse;
It's odd and it's awkward to tell—shut the door,
Lest some listening rascal my secret explore.
We're alone—I can't tell it—yet, somehow I feel
It is equally stubborn and hard to conceal;
There's nothing in silence, so let the word pass,
I but knew it this morning—*I love thee, my lass!*

Δ.

The Envious Snow.

THE envious snows came down in haste,
  To prove her breast less fair;
But when they found themselves surpassed,
  Dissolved into a tear.

ANON.

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,
Acti temporis ob dies!

H. D.

Composito rumpit vocem et se destinat aræ.

Δεγρο μοι ἐλθέ, Χλόη· μαλὰ γὰρ λόγον ἄρτι διδάχθην
Δύσκολον ἄῤῥητόν τ'—ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἐξερέω.
Τήνδε θύραν μοι κλεῖσον· ἰδοῦσ' ἅμα, μή τις ἀλιτρὸς
Κρυπταδίῃ παριών, ὅττι πέρ ἐστι, μαθῇ.
Πῶς εἴπω; χαλεπὸν τὸ λέγειν, χαλεπόν τε τὸ σιγᾷν·
'Αλλ' ἐν τῷ σιγᾷν οὐδέν—'Ερω σε, Χλοη.

H. D.

Candidior nivibus.

Colla nives Glyceræ labuntur ut æmula vin cant:
Victæ sc in lacrimam dissoluere nives.

R. C. J.

Invida præcipiti cecidit nix fusa volatu,
Candidior dominæ quippe probanda meæ;
Seque dolens vinci plusquam candore nivali
Protinus imbellem solvitur in lacrimam.

H. I. H.

Giles Collins and Proud Lady Anna.

GILES Collins he said to his old mother,
'Mother, come bind up my head,
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.'

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 'twas noon, noon,
And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at a window,
Mending her night-robe and coif;
She saw the very prettiest corpse
She had seen in all her life, life,
She had seen in all her life.

'What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high?'
'We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die.'

'Set him down! set him down!' Lady Anna she cr
'On the grass that grows so green;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, by his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.'

Anna et Corydon.

'O GENETRIX!' lecto Corydon sic orsus ab ægro,
'O capiti, genetrix, indue vela meo;
'Proximus adveniat, pagi qui cura, sacerdos;
'Cras ego deponar mortuus ante fores.'

De mensa cochleare capax rapit anxia mater,
Farraque cum tepidis mollia miscet aquis:
Porrigit ille manum, medicataque pocula sumit,
Et medium jacuit mortuus ante diem.

Nocturnam in patula vestem mitramque fenestra
Assiduo reparans Anna suebat acu;
Cum videt, et stupuit!—neque enim formosius unquam
Viderat Esquilios ire cadaver agros.

'Dicite, proceri O comites, quæ ducitis illic
'Funera? quodve humeros desuper urget onus?'
'Ducimus ad tumulum Corydonis inania membra,
'Quem desiderium vicit amorque tui!'

'Me miseram! precibus cur non ego busta piavi?
'Ponite, in hac viridi ponite corpus humo.
'Ossibus ossa teram, thalamoque includar eodem;
'Quartaque me puero cras dabit hora meo.'

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
  Giles Collins was buried in the west;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,
  That touched Lady Anna's breast, breast,
  That touched Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
  And cut this lily in twain,
Which never there was seen before,
  And it never will again, again,
  And it never will again.

GAMMER GURTON.

On Sir John Vanbrugh.

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

EVANS.

The Vision of Death.

To whom thus Michael, 'Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.

Ergo oriens Phœbus tibi calfacit, Anna, sepulcrum;
  Ad decedentem sternitur ille diem:
Sed leve liliolum, nascens Corydonis ab urna,
  In gremium dominæ dicitur isse suæ.

Venit ab hiberno furor illacrimabilis Euro,
  Et pia decidit basia lilioli:
Surrexit subito, subitoque evanuit, idem
  Hospes et infaustæ flosculus exul humi.

H. D.

Sit tibi terra gravis.

QUI te sæpe gravi, dum vixit, pondere pressit,
  Hunc preme defunctum pondere, Terra, gravi.

B. H. K.

In faucibus Orci.

RIMA tibi visa est,' respondit nuntius ales,
ortis adortæ hominem, sed plurima mortis imago,
ırima ad horrendam, tristissima quæque, cavernam
t via: vestibulo in primo tamen acrius illæ
rificant sensum, quam si penetraveris ultra.

Some, as thou sawst, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou mayst know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men.' Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms
Of heartsick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colick pangs,
Demoniack phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

MILTON.

Vulnere pars victi violento, exemplar habebas,
Vitam exspirabunt; hos ignis et unda famesve
Auferet; at plures epularum effrena cupido
Immodicumque merum, morbos ea denique diros
Gentibus illatura. Tibi obvia se feret horum
Prodigiosa cohors, ut quanta cupidine prava
Sit mala cognoscas partura nepotibus Eva.'
Continuo ante oculos tristi caligine tæter
Incipit apparere locus, qui peste laborant,
Hospitio similis: vis intus magna cubabat
Ægrorum omne genus; tum spasmi, quisquis ubique est,
Liventes aderant, aderant lacerantia nervos
Tormenta, ægrotumque angens cor nausea turpis;
Tum febres grex innumerus, convulsaque membra,
Aut morbo prostrata sacro; tum sæva gravedo,
Et lapis intestinus, et ulcera, verminaque alvi,
Infernusque furor, nigræque amentia bilis,
De lunaque incussa insania, lentaque tabes,
Et macies lateque lues circum omnia vastans,
Atque hydrops, atque æger anhelitus, et malus humor
Artus discrucians. Jactabant corpora multi,
Horrendum; ex altove gemebant pectore; et ægros
Visebat per cuncta cubilia, sedulus unus,
Exspes angor: ovans mors vibrabat super illis
Tela; tamen plagam, quamvis spes ultima, summum
Sæpe vocata bonum, votisque accita, moratur.

H. A. J. M.

Ca' the Ewes.

As I gaed down the waterside,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

CHOR. Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie flows,
My bonnie dearie.

Will ye gang down the waterside,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye's lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what you've said,
I's gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till claycauld death sall blind my eye,
Ye shall be my dearie.

BURNS.

Pastor, Virgo.

VIR. PASTOR erranti mihi propter amnem
Obvius venit meus, ambiensque
Suaviter palla, 'Mihi,' dixit, 'una es,
Phylli, voluptas.'

AMBO. Duc ad acclives tumulos, genista
Duc ubi frondent juga, rivulusque
Volvitur, matres gregis, o meorum
Finis amorum!

PAS. An libet ferri tibi propter amnem,
Cernere et fluctus ut eant amœni
Subter umbrosas corylos, nec abdant
Nubila lunam?

VIR. Non erat primis mihi mos ab annis
Prosequi lusus, puer, inficetos;
Non queri, quam longa, diem, nec unquam
Cernier ulli.

PAS. Coaque, et vittæ tibi, quasque tergum
Det juvencorum soleæ ambulanti,
Dos erunt, nostris et onus lacertis
Dulce quiesces.

VIR. Hæreas istis modo rite dictis,
Tum libens tecum, bone pastor, ibo;
Pallium obduces mihi, meque dices
Unus amatam.

PAS. Dum patens amnes trepidant in æquor,
Lucet et Phœbus super arce cæli,
Te, premet donec mea frigus Orci
Lumina, amabo.

C. S. C.

The Convent.

'Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.'
Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair:
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stand up erectly from her head:
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sate:
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm:
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said;
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
'Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!'

SCOTT.

To Martha.

LITTLE you are; for woman's sake be proud;
For my sake next, though little, be not loud.

HERRICK.

ΤΟ ΜΟΝΑΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ.

Νυν δ', οἷς προσήκει, δρᾶτέ μ' οἷα δραστέα·
ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ κἂν κακοῖς στέργειν ὅμως·
θάνατος δ' ἐπελθὼν εἴτε θᾶσσον, εἴτε μή,
οὐδὲν πέφυκεν ἄλλο πλὴν θνήσκειν μόνον·
ὧδ' εἶπε, γοργωποῖσιν ἄστροφος κύκλοις·
κόμη δ' ἀπ' ὤμων ᾄσσεται· κρατὸς δ' ἄπο
ἔστησεν ὀφρύων βοστρύχους ἐπισκίους·
δέμας δὲ μεῖζον ἤρεθ'· ὡς δὲ μάντεως
ἔρρηξεν αὐδὴν ἠγριωμένη κακοῖς.
κύκλος δ' ἐθάμβει ξύνεδρος, ἐμπλήκτοις κόραις
ἐλαφρὸν εἰσορῶντες ἔνθεον δέμας·
τυφᾷ δὲ πᾶς τις προσδοκῶν ἀλάστορα,
ἤλλαξε, προστροπαῖος ἐκ κριτοῦ, δέος,
οὐ χεῖρα κινῶν, οὐ στόμ'· ἔσθ' ὑπ' αἰθέρα
ἄρας ἀδέρκτων ὀμμάτων τυφλὰς κόρας
ἱρεὺς τὸ μοιρόκραντον ἐξηύδα τέλος·
ἐς τοῦτ', ἀδελφή, σοὶ μὲν ὡρίσθω πάθη·
σὺ δ', ὦ ταλαῖφρον, βαῖν' ἐπ' εἰρήνῃ, κάσι.

C. J. V.

Ad Mulierculam.

Es parva: sis superba feminarum ergo;
Ergo mei, sis parva, ne flagrans esto.

H. A. J. M.

The Palace of Ice.

No forest fell
When thou would'st build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace poetry might place
The armoury of winter, where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there;
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

COWPER.

Palatium Glaciale.

Non tibi, cum tantas auderes tollere moles,
Submisere trabes silvæ; non hausta metallis
Saxa, nec effossæ crevere in mœnia quadræ:
Ecce, tibi vitrei riguerunt marmore fluctus!
Qualis Aristæum Cyrenæ regia matris
Cepit, apum strages infectaque mella querentem;
Aut qualem sibi munit Hyems (ita fingere vates
Crediderim) diris ut servet in ædibus arma,
Si poscant sibi tela dari Ventique Nivesque,
Si jaculum glaciale pruiniferasque pharetras.
Surrexit tacite, ceu muta insomnia, moles;
Non crepitus serræ, sonuit non verbere surdo
Malleus: ipsa super glacies illisa coactam
Firmavit glaciem, (quid enim cæmenta requirat
Molis opus liquidæ?) numerosaque fluxit in unum;
Lympharumque domus lympharum aspergine crevit.
Lychni in parietibus, multisque coloribus ignes,
Fulgere; transmissæ pallescere lucis imago:
Nempe aliam in terris credas consurgere lunam,
Delapsasque polo stellas atque uvida signa.

C. M.

To a Friend.

On parent knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

Damon and Juliana.

Coughing in a shady grove
  Sat my Juliana;
Lozenges I gave my love
  Ipecacuanha:
From the box the imprudent maid
  Three score of them did pick;
Then sighing tenderly, she said;
  'My Damon, I am sick!'

OLD PLAY.

Ad Amicum.

Quum natalibus, O beate Sexti,
Tuis adfuimus caterva gaudens,
Vagitu resonis strepente cunis,
In risum domus omnis est soluta.
Talis vive precor, beate Sexti,
Ut circum lacrimantibus propinquis,
Cum mors immineat toro cubantis,
Solus non alio fruare risu.

H. J. T. D.

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modo susceptum genitor nudumque tenebat,
[nterer]at lacrimis blanda corona tuis:
t ita fac vivas, ut cum sopor ultimus urget,
Flentibus intersis, nec tamen ipse fleas.

R. C. J.

Ne quid nimis.

In nemore umbroso Phyllis mea forte sedebat,
Cui mollem exhausit tussis anhela sinum;
Nec mora: de loculo deprompsi pyxida lævo,
Ipecacuaneos exhibuique trochos.
Illa quidem imprudens medicatos leniter orbes
Absorpsit numero bisque quaterque decem;
Tum tenero ducens suspiria pectore, dixit;
'Thyrsi, mihi stomachum nausea tristis habet.'

S. B.

Lady's Larceny.

WHILE petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?
You, fair one, will smile and cry 'Laws, I defy yo
Assured that no peers can be summoned to try yo
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye,
For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

ANON.

Godiva.

THEN fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift: but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar till she reached
The gateway: there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

TENNYSON.

Sic me servabit Apollo.

Dum lex crimina vindicat minora,
Raptorum haud tibi pœna tot procorum
(Desunt quippe pares) nocet. Triumphas;
Nec curare Deos Deasque credis,
Convectes licet usquequaque prædas!
Ah secura nimis, puella, pœnæ!
Musæ quippe novemque Gratiæque
Te tres, justa caterva, judicabunt.

F. W.

ΓΥΜΝΟΥΜΕΝΗ.

Ἡ δ' οὖν φυγοῦσα παρθενῶν' ἐπ' ἔσχατον
ἀπῆλθεν· εἶτ' ἔλυσεν ἐκ ζώνης ἐκεῖ
δισσοῖσι περόνην αἰετοῖς ὁμόζυγα,
ἀνδρὸς σκυθρωποῦ δῶρον· ἐν δὲ τῷδ' ἀεὶ
κατεσχόλαζε, νύχιος ὡς μήνη νέφει
ὥρᾳ θέρους τεγχθεῖσα θάτερον μέρος.
ἄφαρ δ' ἔσειε κρᾶτα, καὶ κνήμας ἔπι
κατεψέκαζεν ἕλικας ἐν φρίκῃ κόμας·
σπουδῇ δὲ γυμνωθεῖσα κλιμάκων κάτα
πρόσω φυγὴν ἔκλεψεν, οἷά θ' ἡλίου
πλανῆτις αἴγλη, στῦλον ἐκ στύλου ποσὶν
ἤμειψεν, ἔστ' ἀφίκετ' ἐξόδους πυλῶν,
οὗ πῶλον ἑστῶτ' εἶδε, πορφυρᾶν χλιδὴν
χρυσοῖς ὑφαντῶν γράμμασιν φοροῦνθ' ὑφῶν.

H. I. S. M.

The Deserted Village.

How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet Village; sports like these
With sweet succession taught even toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

GOLDSMITH.

Villa Deserta.

AH! quoties illo cessabam lentus in agro,
  Miratus placidas culta per arva casas,
Et loca qua pistrina sequacibus adstrepit undis,
  Mundaque vicinis addita templa jugis,
Et frutices lætos, aptasque sedentibus umbras,
  Seu senium musset, sive susurret amor.
Ah! quoties grato venerabar pectore lucem,
  Cum misso exciperent pensa labore joci,
Multaque ruricolæ properarent agmina turbæ
  Ducere sub patula fronde soluta choros.
Tum fuit umbrosa quantum certamen arena!
  Colludunt juvenes, aspiciuntque senes;
Innumerosque cient vexato in gramine gyros,
  Membrorum vegeta vi, celerique manu.
Displiceat toties eadem repetita voluptas?
  Inveniet ludos læta caterva novos.
Certatim innocuam qui produxere choream,
  Ut pedibus simplex gloria parta foret;
Rusticus inspersa fœdus fuligine vultum,
  Qui movet occultos, nescius ipse, jocos;
Virginis indictam prodentia lumina flammam,
  Quæque oculo mater vix prohibere velit—
Hos comites inter, sedes dilecta, laboris
  Dulcibus immisti lene placebat onus;
Hæc tibi tranquillam spirabant undique pacem;
  Hæc tibi—sed notos deseruere locos!

L.

Robin and Richard.

ROBIN and Richard
  Were two pretty men:
They both lay in bed
  Till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin
  And looks at the sky;
'Oh! brother Richard,
  The sun's very high!
You go before
  With your bottle and bag;
And I will come after
  On little Jack nag.'

GAMMER GURTON.

Inscription on an antique Ring.

I'LL heare thy voice of melodie
  In whispers of the summerre air;
I'll see the brightnesse of thine eye
  In the blue eveninge's shininge starre;
In moonlighte beames thy puritie;
And look on heavenne, to look on thee!

CROLY.

Geta et Doro.

GETA et Doro,
  Magnæ homines spei,
Jacebant in toro
  Ad quartam diei.
Tum exsiliens Geta,
  Viso æthere, 'Pol,'
Ait, 'frater, O frater,
  Nitet medius Sol!
I propera præ
  Cum sacculo et amphora,
Et mox sequar te
  Ego pone cum Samphora.'

H. D.

Inscriptum in Annulo antiquo.

VERNI canoris in Noti suspiriis
Cæleste vocis audiam melos tuæ;
Oculi videbo fulgidi purum jubar
Non infidelis Hesperi sub ignibus:
Pudica mentem Luna depinget tuam;
Teque intuebor, intuens cæli vias.

H. D.

Samson Agonistes.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born: here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me: hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight

Samson Agonistes.

ΣΥ χειραγωγὸς ὀμματοστερῆ βάσιν
πρόσω τί μοι ποίμαινε· τήνδ᾽ ὄχθην κάτα
ἔστιν τὰ καύματ᾽ ἀνταμείβεσθαι σκιᾶς,
κἀκεῖ, λυθείς τι τοῦ καθ᾽ ἡμέραν πόνου
ἑκὼν κάθημαι· δουλίαις γὰρ ἄλλοτε
πέδαις βιασθεὶς, κοινὸν εἰληχὼς βάρος,
δύσοσμον, εὐρωέντι δεσμωτηρίῳ,
μίασμ᾽ ἐφέλκω ξυμπαθόντος ἀέρος.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀντίμισθον ἡδύπνουν τόδε
οὐράνιον αὔρας νεογενοῦς ἄημά μοι,
ἑωθινοῖς ἀκτῖσι σύμφυτον γάνος,
ἔξεστ᾽ ἀφύσσειν· ὧδ᾽ ἐλινῦσαι πάρα.
τῷ γὰρ Δάγωνι, τῷ θαλασσίῳ θεῷ,
τανῦν ἑορτάζοντες οἱ ταύτῃ βροτοὶ
δύσοιστον ἀπεκήρυξαν ἐν πόλει κόπον.
ἀκόντες οὖν, τὸ θεῖον εὐλαβούμενοι,
ἐῶσί μ᾽ ὧδε, δημίου βοῆς ἄπο,
χώραν προσελθεῖν ἄβροτον, ἀμπαύλας τινος
εἴ πως τύχοι τούτων γ᾽ ἐπαύρασθαι μελῶν·
οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽ οὐδὲ σμικρὸν ἡ φρενῶν δύη
λωφᾶν δύναιτ᾽ ἂν, θανασίμων σφηκῶν τρόπον
ἐπεγχυθεῖσα τῷδε τῷ παναθλίῳ
ἄπαυστος, οἰωθέντι περιτυχοῦσ᾽ ἀεὶ
τά μου παλαιὰ παραβαλοῦσα τοῖσι νῦν.
φεῦ. τί γοῦν μεγίστου σεμνὸς ἄγγελος Θεοῦ
δισσοῖσι τἀμὰ προὔννεπεν μαντεύμασι

Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for their great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.

γενέθλι', ἀθρώντοιν δὲ τοῖν γεννητόροιν,
διφρηλάτης ὣς, πυρφόρῳ καλύμματι
ἄγαστος, οἷον οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον γεγὼς,
ἀφ' ὦρτο βωμοῦ τοῦ καθιερωμένου,
εἰ μὴ γέρας τι τοῦ Θεοῦ τῇ πατρίδι
τῇ 'μῇ προδεικνύς; Θεῷ τε, παιδείας χάριν,
ἐχώρισαν τάξαντες, ὡς ἔργοις ἔπι
ῥητοῖσιν, οὐδὲ τοῦ τυχόντος ἐκτελεῖν,
εἰ δὴ πέπρωται παρακεκρουσμένον θανεῖν
δοῦλόν τε, δισσῶν τ' ὀμμάτων ἀχηνίᾳ,
ἐχθροῖς γελοῖον θαῦμ'; ἀναγκαίῳ μόρῳ
δεσμοῖς τε χαλκεοῖσιν ἐξαντλεῖν πόνον,
ἐς τοῦθ' ὑπῆρχε θεοδότον σθένος τόδε
τὸ σεμνότιμον, θηρὸς οὐ θητὸς λαχὸν
αἴσχιστον ἀξίωμα; τόνδ' ὁρᾶτέ με,
τὸν ξυμπολίτας τῶν Φιλιστίνων ἄπο
ἐλευθερώσονθ', ἥδε γὰρ Θεοῦ φάτις·
ὁρᾶτε δὴ σωτῆρα, τῆς σωτηρίας
αὐτὸν μάλ' ὑστεροῦντα, χὤν ποτ' ἐκράτουν
δοῦλον ταλαιπωροῦντα συνδούλων μέτα,
τυφλόν τε, Γάζῃ κάτοχον. ἀλλ' οὔ μοι Θεὸν
ἔστιν παρόντων αἰτιάσασθαι κακῶν,
ὃς πάντ' ἔμελλε θεσπίσας καὶ δρᾶν τάδε·
αὐτὸς δ' ἐμαυτῷ πημόνας ὀφλισκάνω.
σθένος γὰρ ἦν μοι τόδε παρηγγυημένον·
τὸ δ' εὖ μάλ' εἰδὼς οὗπερ ἦν τοῦ σώματος,
τό τ' ἐκβαλεῖν πρόχειρον, ἐκβέβληχ' ὅμως,
δείξας τὰ δῶρα τἀσφαλῶς κεκρυμμένα
κλαυθμῶν ἕκατι καὶ γυναικείου βοῆς.

O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace; I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

MILTON.

φρενῶν κέκομμαι, σῶμα δ' ἔρρωμαι μόνον.
τί δ' ἄν τις οὖν ὄναιτο τῆς ῥώμης μόνον
ὄγκῳ πελωρῷ περιπεσὼν ἀνωφελεῖ,
σοφίας γ' ἁμάρτων, ἧς ἔδει μάλ' ἐξόχου;
ἐν δ' οἷσι καὶ σφόδρ' ηὖχετ' ἐστηριγμένος,
φαυλοῖσιν αἰσχρῶς ἐσφάλη σοφίσμασι.
σθένος γὰρ οὔποτ' ἐν βροτοῖς ἄρχειν ἔφυ,
ὑπηρετεῖν δὲ, τῶν σοφῶν ἡγουμένων.
πρὸς ταῦθ' ὁ Δαίμων, καὶ διδοὺς τοῖον γέρας,
τὰ δῶρ' ἀπηξιώσε μὴ τιμὴν ἔχειν,
κόμαις ξυνάψας. ἀλλά μοι σιγᾶν χρεὼν,
στέργειν τε κρυπτὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ βουλεύματα
τοῦ πάντα ταμιεύοντος. ἀρκείτω τόδε·
τό μου σέθνειν ξύμπαντος αἴτιον κακοῦ,
τοῦ κάρθ' ὑπερβαλόντος, ὥστε πημάτων
ἕκαστα μηδὲ διαβιοῦν κλαίοντά με
ἅλις δύνασθαι· τὸ δὲ μάλιστα συμφορῶν
ἔγνων τὸ πικρὸν, ὀμμάτων βεβλαμμένος.
τυφλὸς παρ' ἐχθροῖς, ἆρα μὴ δεσμῶν πλέω
πέπονθ' ἀσιτίας τε καὶ γήρως τάδε;
τὰ γὰρ Θεοῦ πρωτεῖα, τὴν αὐγὴν λέγω,
ὄλωλ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἕκατι, χὤν ἂν ἄλλοτε
σμικρὸν παρηγόρημα ποικίλου γάνους
πόνοις ἀπηύρων, ἐκλέλοιπε πανταχοῦ.
κἀγὼ παρ' ἕρπετ', οὐ γὰρ ἀνθρώπους λέγω,
ἄτιμός εἰμ', ἃ καὶ χαμαιπετῆ βλέπει·
ἐμοὶ δ' ἀφεγγὲς φέγγος, οὐδ' ὕβρεως ποτε
κἀπηρεασμοῦ καὶ δόλων καθ' ἡμέραν
οἴκοι, θύραζε, μῶρος ὥς, ἀφίσταμαι,
ζῶν ὧδ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις, ἔν τε τῷ ζῆν ἡμιθνής.

L.

Wife and Pitcher.

FAT be my hind, unlearned be my wife,
Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife;
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

HERRICK.

Comus.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat:
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human as they stood.
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

MILTON.

Nil amplius oro.

Sɪᴛ vilicus mi pinguis, uxor indocta,
Nox inquiete, jurgiis dies liber;
Horum corona, prole sim parens pulcra,
Circa focum cantante semper ardentem.

H. A. J. M.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Τοιωδ' ἐσεῖδον, εὖτε νικηθεὶς πόνῳ
ζεύγλαισι χαλαραῖς ἦλθε βοῦς ἀπ' αὔλακος,
δειπνῶν καθῆτο δ' ἀγρότης ἔργῳ βαρύς.
τοιώδ' ἐσεῖδον· ἀμπέλου δ' ὑπὸ σκιᾷ
χλωρᾶς, πλατείας, τοῦδ' ἐφερπούσης λόφου
εἰκῇ βραχεῖαν δειράδ', ὀρπήκων ἄπο
βότρυν πέπειρον εἶλον· ἑστῶτος δ' ἰδεῖν
ζεύγους ἐφαίνετ' οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον φύσις.
ὄναρ δ' ἔγωγε, κοὐχ ὕπαρ, νιν εἰσορᾶν
ἔδοξ', ἄγαλμα ποικίλειμον αἰθέρος,
ἔνναιον αἰόλαισιν Ἴριδος βαφαῖς,
νεφελῶν τε παῖζον ἐν πτυχαῖς πεπλεγμένων.
ἰδὼν δ' ἐθάμβουν· προσεκύνουν δὲ προσμολών.
εἰ δ' οὖν σὺ ταύτης, ἧς λέγω, ξυνωρίδος
ἥκεις κατὰ ζήτησιν, οὐρανοῦ τις ἦν
ὁδός, τὸ τούσδε κἀμὲ συζητεῖν ὁμοῦ.

C. J. V.

Tory Epigram.

The King observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse: and why?
That learned Body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal Body wanted learning.

ANON.

Whig Reply.

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:
On th' other hand to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

ANON.

Dick's Nose.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short:
And never cries 'God bless me,' when he sneezes,
He cannot hear so distant a report.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Suum cuique.

um populi spectat mores, oculoque gemellas
Rex academias invigilante notat,
ır equitum mittit tibi turmam, Oxonia?—Quod tu
Sis bene docta quidem, sed male fida sibi.
t cur mille libris donat te, Granta?—Quod istic
Sit bene fida sibi, sed male docta cohors.

R. H. K.

Par pari relatum.

ex equitum turmam tibi cur, Oxonia, mittit?
Quod vis Regicolis pro ratione valet.
ur donet te, Granta, libris hinc collige, quod vis
Unica Poplicolis in ratione sita est.

R. H. K.

Copia narium.

Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares,
Tam longo est naso vir, cubitoque brevi:
Nec si sternutat, 'fausto siet omine!' clamat;
Tam procul amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. D.

Caroline.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
  I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
  The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
  The sweet South Wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
  Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clust'ring bower,
  Thou Spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
  And mountain heath and moory thyme:

With all thy rural echoes come,
  Sweet comrade of the rosy Day;
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
  And cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
  Whatever isles of Ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
  Thou wandering Wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
  Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
  Of beauty's fairest brightest mould;

Carolina.

FRAGRARE in pratis hyacinthina serta jubebo;
  Instituam quernis antra virere comis;
Quaque tumens certat cum sacra laurea myrto,
  Qua peream flamma, motus amore, canam.

Illic delicias silvarum et frigora carpens
  Felicem Zephyrus pervolitabit humum;
Cujus in amplexu, et sub dulce sonantibus alis,
  Secessus læti pensilis umbra tremet.

Ad mea saxa veni, et crinitum frondibus antrum,
  Spiritus, Idaliis mollior orte rosis;
Ferque simul floresque novos et roscida mella,
  Et cum montano ture palustre thymum.

Gutture cum pleno nemorum, campique susurris,
  Adsis, O roseum concomitate diem;
Ad mea saxa veni, mœsta cum voce cuculli,
  Prodat et agrestem quod leve murmur apem.

Qua matutino spirasti cunque volatu;
  Quascunque Oceani luseris inter aquas;
Nunc mecum intexta requiescas floribus umbra,
  Immemor Elysii, mobilis Aura, tui.

Quippe ego crediderim fusos te nectare fontes,
  Et magici lucos deseruisse soli;
Puræ ubi sunt animæ, et Veneris pulcherrima proles,
  Et cum cælicolis sabbata condit Amor.

From some green Eden of the deep,
  Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
  Endeared, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet Paradise afar
  Thy music wanders, distant, lost;
Where Nature lights her leading star,
  And love is never, never crossed.

O gentle gale of Eden bowers,
  If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
  In Nature's more propitious home;

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
  That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
  And let that name be CAROLINE!

CAMPBELL.

Nothing-at-all.

THERE was an old woman called 'Nothing-at-all,'
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

GAMMER GURTON.

Est, ubi forte trahit suspiria sola Voluptas,
  Insula cæruleo semisepulta mari;
Qua læti nimium fletu solvuntur amantes,
  Qua sincera fides, intemeratus hymen;

Quidam est longinqua dulcis Paradisus in ora,
  Unde tuum labens exulat orbe melos;
Qua parte accendit formosos Hesperus ignes,
  Pressaque sunt tutis oscula inulta genis.

Hospes ab Idaliis, Zephyre O suavissime, lucis,
  Si forte ad patriam sis rediturus humum,
Lascive cupiens cum resplendentibus Horis
  Ludere Naturæ prosperiore domo;

Bis terque Elysios doceas resonare recessus,
  Antraque cælestis religiosa chori,
Nomen inornatæ, Superum quæ vincat amores,
  Virginis—inque illo sit CAROLINA sono.

H. D.

Ex nihilo nil fit.

QUÆ 'Nihili-omnino' gaudebat nomine, tectis
  Læta perexiguis se recreabat Anus:
Stabat hiulca Gigas expandens ora, domumque
  Ah! simul et miseram contumulabat Anum.

F. H.

Honesty the best Policy.

WITH jewelled hair and ribbons rare
  Corinna wooes each lover;
And all the tricks men's hearts to fix
  Which women's wits discover.

While Chloe pure, with aim more sure,
  And wiser far than she,
Comes chastely drest in beauty's best,
  Her own simplicity.

BLENKIN.

We come, We come.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

DRYDEN.

Prudens Simplicitas.

Vestibus, unguentis, cultuque insignis, et auro,
  Vendere se nobis stulta Corinna putat.
Prudens parcit opes gemmis insumere emendis,
  Ornaturque sua simplicitate Chloe.

J. H.

ΥΠΑΙ ΣΑΛΠΙΓΓΟΣ ΗΞΑΝ.

*Ὄρνυσθ', ὄρνυσθ', εἴ τινες ἤδη
πόλεμον τολμᾶτ', ἰαχεῖ σάλπιγξ·
ὄρνυσθ', ὄρνυσθ', ἀντιβοῶντες
βρόμον ἰσόμαχον πᾶς τις ἐγείρει·
σπεύδομεν, ἥκομεν, ἤλθομεν ἤδη·
πολλὰ δὲ φωνᾷ βρυχίᾳ καναχεῖ
τύμπανα τηλοῦ μετ' ἐπασσυτέρων
  βροντᾶς μυκώμεν' ἀραγμῶν.
ἤδη 'πιδρομαῖς λαβραῖς ἐπέχουσ',
ἀνὰ δ' αἴσσουσιν τοὔμπαλιν αὖθις,
Θεῶν καθύπερθεν τάδε μαινομένους
καταδερκομένων· οἱ δ' ἐλεαίρουσ'
    ἄφρονα τόλμαν
χρυσῷ δῆτ' ἄμφι θανόντων.*

L.

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night clouds had lowered,
And the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on my way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back:

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay, stay with us—rest; thou art weary and worn;'
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

Cur hæc ego somnia vidi?

SIDUS in arce poli quodque excubat, atraque nimbis
  Nox ruit: auditis ponimus arma tubis:
Mille peracta virum fluxerunt corpora campo,
  Occupet ut letum saucia, fessa sopor.

At mihi, quem fultum custodit stramine parco
  Præsidium cæsis flamma, lupisque metus,
Nocte super media dulcissima venit imago,
  Somniaque ante ortum ter rediere diem.

Arma feramque aciem mihi deseruisse videbar,
  Et desolatis longius isse viis;
Autumnus fuit: orto adii jam limen avitum
  Sole, nec oblitum rebar id esse mei.

Rura ad amœna volo,—quoties spatiabar in illis
  Orsus iter vitæ jam, teneroque sinu!
Audivi balare meas in rupe capellas,
  Notaque messores carmina dulce loqui.

Sum quoque pollicitus, socia inter pocula, nunquam
  Flentibus a sociis ire, meave domo:
Oscula dant centum parvi, dein altera, nati;
  Conjugis et gremium rumpit anhelus amor.

'Fessus et æger ades, nobis ades,' illa fremebat:
  Fractus enim bello miles avebat idem:
Nequicquam: redeunte die rediere dolores;
  Voxque, soporata nuper in aure, fugit.

C. S. C.

Lowly Love.

He past, a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by;
At night she weeps 'How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?'

TENNYSON.

Crowns of Flowers.

I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers,
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmeared.
This day I'll drown all sorrow:
Who knows to live to-morrow?

HERRICK.

Quis desiderio?

Φρουδος ὁ τῶν θνητῶν βασιλεύτατος, ὅνπερ ἐσάει
φαῦλος ἐὼν ψυχὴν ὥς ἐφίλησα φιλῶ,
ταῦτα παθὼν δυσέρωτι κόρῃ τινι, καὶ ποθεούσῃ
ἄνδρα νέον τιμῇ κρείσσονα καὶ γενέῃ.
τῇ γὰρ ὁμηλικίῃ καὶ τοῖς καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἐκεῖνος
μίσγεται, ἡ δ' ἔγνω τὴν βλαβερὰν πενίην,
καὶ μισεῖν τι δοκοῦσα, καὶ οὐκ εἰδυῖα τί μισεῖ,
καὶ φθονέουσα μάτην, εἴ τις ἐκεῖνον ὁρᾷ.
φαίνεται ἡ κώμη κενέα καὶ ἀχρεῖος, ὁ δ' αἰὼν
εἰργμὸς, ἐποιχομένῃ δώματ' ἐν οἷς ἐτράφη,
καὶ στονόεις ὁ βίος· φοιτῶσι δὲ γείτονες ἄλλως,
δρῶντες ἐν ἀφραδίαις σκαῖα πανημέριοι.
νύκτωρ δ', 'οὐδὲν ἄρ' εἰμι,' λέγει κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα,
καὶ, 'τί παθὼν ἐμέθεν κεῖνος ἂν εἶχεν ἐρᾶν;'

W. J.

Lætus in præsens animus.

Nobis unius æstimantur assis
Et rex omnis et omnis imperator;
Cordi sunt mage floreæ corollæ,
Est barbam unguinibus lini meroque.
Ærumnas hodie opprimemus omnes:
Quis scit crastina detur hora necne?

H. A. J. M.

Madrigal.

O'er desert plains and rushy meers
  And withered heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
  I pass to meet my love.
But tho' my path were damasked o'er
  With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before,
  To fix alone on thine.

No fir-crowned hills would give delight,
  No palace please mine eye,
No pyramid's aerial height,
  Where mould'ring monarchs lie:
Unmoved, should Eastern kings advance,
  Could I the pageant see;
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
  Nor steal a thought from thee.

WAELRENT.

Saith Lacon.

Were we eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, some children, much more by listening than by talking.

COLTON.

Ad Lyden.

Per tractus inamabiles
Juncisque implicitos, ustaque Atabulo
Infelicis Apuliæ,
Te, Lyde, repetens te spatior loca,
Qua nec templa, neque arbores,
Agrestumve casas intuear vagus.
Quod si dædaleus viam
Rerum ornaret honos gratiaque omnium,
Contemplarer imaginem,
Neglectis aliis, certa acie tuam.
Me nec pinubus eminens
Mirantem scopulus detineat, neque
Me splendentia principum
Tecta, aut aërius pyramidum situs,
Qua regum cineres jacent.
Sive Eoa fugæ pompa eat obvia,
Nullas injiciat moras;
Splendor vix oculos alliciat meos,
Nec curas tibi debitas
Unam surripiat particulam die.

E. W. B.

Auscultare quam loqui.

Divino licet eloquaris ore,
Pluribus, mihi crede, gratiosus
Auscultando eris, Aule, quam loquendo.

B. H. K.

Soft be thy Sleep.

Soft, soft be thy sleep in the land of the west,
Fated Maiden!
Fair lie the flowers, love, and light on thy breast
Passion-laden!

In the place where thou art by the storm-beaten strand
Of the moaning Atlantic;
While alone with my sorrow I roam thro' thy land,
The beloved, the romantic.

And thy faults, child, sleep! where in those dark eyes death closes
All their doings and undoings;
For who counts the thorns on last year's perished roses?
Smile, dead rose, in thy ruins!

OWEN MEREDITH.

Sur le Collier d'un Chien.

Je ne promets point de largesse:
Quiconque me trouvera,
S'il me ramene à ma maitresse,
Pour récompense la verra.

ANON.

O rapta fatis.

O RAPTA fatis, Hesperia procul
Te mollis ora, te placidus sopor
Componat, et flores aprici,
Cara, sinu leve pondus addant

Sævis gravato nuper amoribus;
Tu qua recumbis mugit Atlantica
Bacchata tempestas in unda:
Me tamen heu! comes unus angor

Per fabulosæ rura vagum trahit
Dilecta terræ. Jam tua dormiant
Peccata: nigrantes ocellos
Qui facilis tibi clausit Orcus,

Infecta celet factaque. Marcidi
Æstate lapsa quis numerat malus
Spinas roseti? Tu ruinis
E mediis, rosa fracta, ride.

A. H.

Suum cuique.

Ἢν με τάχ' Ἰλιόνῃ κατάγῃς, οὐ μίσθον ἀποίσεις
χρύσεον, ἀλλ' αὐτὴν ὄψεαι Ἰλιόνην.

H. I. H.

ME refer errantem: non indotatus abibis:
Aspicies dominam, nec pete plura, meam.

H. I. H.

Begone, Dull Care.

BEGONE, dull Care,
I pr'ythee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care,
Thou and I shall never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much Care
Will turn a young man grey;
Too much Care
Will turn an old man to clay.

My wife shall dance and I will sing,
And merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull Care away.

So begone, dull Care,
I pr'ythee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care,
Thou and I shall never agree.

JACKSON.

Atra Cura.

ΜΕΘΕΣ με, Φροντὶ λυγρά,
μέθες με, λίσσομαι σέ·
μέθες με, Φροντὶ λυγρά·
τί σοὶ γάρ ἐστι κἀμοί;
πάλαι σὺ τῇδε φρουρεῖς,
σοὶ δ' ἀσμένῃ θάνοιμ' ἄν·
ἀλλ', ἴσθι, Φροντὶ λυγρά,
οὐχ, ὧν ἐρᾷς γε, τεύξει.
ἡ φροντὶς ἡ περισσὴ
γῆρας νέοισι τίκτει·
ἡ φροντὶς ἡ περισσὴ
τύμβον γέροντα ποιεῖ.
ἀλλ' ᾄσομαι μὲν αὐτός,
γυνὴ δὲ συγχορεύσει,
ὑφ' ἡδονῆς θ' ὁ λοιπὸς
διάξεται βίος νῷν·
ἐν πᾶσι γὰρ σοφοῖσιν
σοφώτατον νομίζω
τὸ φροντίδ' ἐκσοβῆσαι.
μέθες με, Φροντὶ λυγρά,
μέθες με, λίσσομαι σέ·
μέθες με, Φροντὶ λυγρά·
τί σοὶ γάρ ἐστι κἀμοί;

F. M.

Samson Agonistes.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body, where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood; and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house; there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
In copious legend or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

MILTON.

Samson Agonistes.

nec lacrimas moveant, neque pectoris ægrum
;emitu planctum: neque turpe aut debile quicquam
niserum video; sed pulcræ gloria mortis,
ecus, et nostri superant solatia luctus.
agimus: vos fœdum hostili cæde cadaver
te, concretumque herbis purisque cruorem
ous abluite. Interea mihi cura propinquos
omerare meos, (neque enim jam Gaza volentes
it,) et pleno comitantes agmine amicos;
atrias illum, deflendum funus, ad aulas
ais referant per justa silentia pompæ.
etiam lauro cingam monumenta perenni,
xtructa manu, patulaque tropæa sub umbra
bunt platani, quæcunque a Marte triumphans
lit; inscriptasque viri longo ordine dotes,
rrici mira ponam dulcedine cantus.
celebrent olim fortis monumenta juventus,
dantque animos, ut tanta exempla colentes
ius intrepidi sanctæ fastigia famæ
ent virtute nova; festisque diebus
, virgineæ fundent ibi serta catervæ,
que plorabunt hymenæi fata catenas
us immisisse graves, oculisque tenebras.

L.

Athenæi Fragmentum in palimpsesto bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ ab Angelo Maio inventum, antehac vero non editum.

—περὶ δὲ τῶν κοσσύφων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνου τοῖς δειπνοῦσι παρατεθέντες ᾄδουσι, περὶ δὲ ὀρνιθίων τινῶν, ὡς τῶν παιδισκῶν τὰς ῥῖνας καταπτάμενα ἁρπάζει, τῶν κωμικῶν τις οὕτως γράφει·

—ἀλλὰ νῦν ὑπᾴδετ᾽, ἄνδρες, ᾆσμα τοῦ τετρωβόλου·
βασιλικῷ τις ἦν ἐν οἴκῳ θύλακος ζειῶν πλέως·
κόσσυφοι δὲ κριβανῖται τετράκις ἓξ ἐν πέμματι·
τοῦ δὲ πέμματος κοπέντος, ηὐστόμησαν τὤρνεα·
οὐ τόδ᾽ ἦν ἔδεσμα δείπνοις καὶ τυραννικοῖς πρέπον;
ἐν μυχῷ δόμων ὁ βασιλεὺς τἀργύρι᾽ ἐλογίζετο,
ἀναβάδην δ᾽ ἔτρωγε χωρὶς πυρνὸν ἄρτον καὶ μέλι
ἡ βασιλίς· ἡ παῖς δ᾽ ἀν᾽ αὐλὴν βύσσιν᾽ ἐξήρτα λίνου·
νηπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθεν ἀπὸ τέγους ὀρνίθιον,
τήν τε ῥῖνα τῆς ταλαίνης ᾤχετ᾽ ἐν ῥύγχει φέρον.

E. C. H.

A Song of Sixpence.

SING a song of sixpence,
  A pocket full of rye:
Four and twenty blackbirds
  Baked in a pie:
When the pie was opened
  The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
  To set before the King?

The King was in the parlour
  Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the chamber
  Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
  Hanging out the clothes:
Down came a little bird
  And carried off her nose.

G. G.

The Gods of Epicurus.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil;
Till they perish, and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered, down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

TENNYSON.

Good Music and bad Dancing.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danced the brutes.

CONGREVE.

Deos didici securum agere ævum.

Di suum nectar bibentes abdito jacent jugo:
Stringit inferiora fulgur, lambit aureas domos
Nube prævelatus æther, orbe cinctas lucido:
Quæque subter monstra cernunt, illà rident clanculum;
Vim maris, telluris haustus, ignem, et aeris luem,
Arma, cædes, furta, raptus, et manus precantium.
At juvat risisse, diri carminis dulcedine,
Irritum sublime murmur, veteris ambagem mali,
Maximæ vocis querelam, paulum habentem ponderis:
Quippe læsi cantilenam generis, operum providi,
Dudum arantis, proserentis, congerentis undique
Quantulam stipem quotannis vini, olivi, tritici:
Occupet dum Mors; et hos, sic fama, pœnarum sator
Tartarus per sæcla vexet; his in Elysio cavo
Membra declinare fessa præstet Asphodeli torus.

C. M.

Ars sine Arte.

Quam valet arte chelys, tantum caret arte chorea!
Orpheos ad citharam sic saluere feræ.

B. H. K.

Praise of Virtue.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
  By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pearsed at length
  With little drops of drizzling rain;
The oxe doth yield unto the yoke,
  The steele obeyeth the hammer's stroke;
The stately stagge that seems so stoute
  By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
  Is caught at length in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brooke,
  Is soon deceived by subtil hooke.
Yea man himself, unto whose will
  All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
  Doth fall at last and fade away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
  The heavens, the earth, consume at last.
But Vertue sits triumphing still
  Upon her throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful Death must body kill,
  Yet hurts he not his vertuous fame,
But life or death, whatso betides,
  The state of Vertue never slides.

MARSHALL.

Vivida Virtus.

SENSIT furentis sævitiam freti
Arx nesciarum cedere rupium:
Nituntur immortale marmor
Exiguæ terebrare guttæ:
Collo juvencus fert docili jugum:
Incude mucro fingitur: obstitit
Urgente latratu Laconum
Fisa suæ modo cerva formæ:
Præcellat ala, serius ocius
Auceps volucrem retibus implicat:
Non ampla moles, non latebræ
Illecebris adimentur hami.
Quin et potentes nos animantium,
Tot nos honesti dotibus ingeni,
Tot artis insignes, caduci
Labimur effluimusque sæclo.
Nil est quod annis non pereat: perit
Tellus, peribunt sidera: nominis
Tuetur æternos honores
In solio sine fraude Virtus:
Plutona formæ non metuit gravem,
Intaminatis integra laudibus,
Immota, seu nudantur enses,
Seu quatiunt Acheronta manes.

R. C. J.

Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
  Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
  Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
  Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
  A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
  And cold Caledonia's blast on the wave:
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
  What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
  The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders, as free as the winds of his mountains,
  Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

BURNS.

Barnaby Bright.

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur;
He would make a great noise, if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old and can no longer bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hung by the clerk.

GAMMER GURTON.

Ad Joannam.

SUAVIA laudabunt alii myrteta coloni,
  Qua nitidis ridet solibus auctus odor:
Carior illa mihi filicum viret avia vallis,
  Celat ubi rivi flava genista fugam.

Carior illa humilis frondet mihi silva genistæ,
  Quas bellis latebras, quas hyacinthus amat;
Inter enim flores illos, ubi vernat acanthis,
  Sæpe levem celerat nostra Joanna pedem.

Rideat æstivis peregrina in vallibus aura;
  Scotia ventoso frigore verrat aquas;
Silva quid est, celsas redolens quæ suspicit ædes?
  Mœsta domus servi, mœsta ferocis heri.

Aurifluos Scotus fontes et odora vireta,
  Serviles, spectat fortis et odit, opes;
It vagus, it liber, patrio cum flamine—vinclis
  Solus amor gratis, sola Joanna tenet.

B. H. K.

Barnabæocandidus.

BARNABÆOCANDIDUS Molossus acer erat,
Latrabat ille fortiter, si mus se commoveret:
Nequit senex nunc latrare, et canicida Pontifex
Damnavit illum laqueo, et Clericus est carnifex.

H. D.

The Temptation.

EMPRESS of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st; and right thou should'st be
obey'd.
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food: nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a sav'ry odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dripping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.

MILTON.

Ο ΠΕΙΡΑΣΜΟΣ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΩΙ' ἄνασσα τῆσδε τῆς καλῆς χθονὸς
Εὔη, τὰ πάντ' ἂν εὐμαρῆ τείνας λόγον
φράσαιμ' ἂν ἃ 'κέλευσας, ἀξιὰ δὲ σὺ
τούτων ἀκούειν. Θηρίοισιν οὖν ἐγώ,
ὅσοις ὑπάρχει βίοτον ἐν πολυστιβεῖ
πόᾳ νομίζειν, τὴν τροφὴν προσεμφερής,
αἰσχρός τ' ἔφυν, ταπεινὸν οὐ καλὸν φρονῶν.
καὶ δῆτ' ἐδωδὴν ἦν διαγνῶναι μόνην,
ἢ που τὸ θῆλυ, κοὔτι πρὸς τό γ' εὐγενὲς
ἠπίσταθ' ἡ φρήν· ἀλλ', ἐν ἀγρόϊσιν ποτὲ
εἰκῇ βαδίζων, τηλόθεν βλέπειν ἐμοὶ
ἔδοξα δένδρον ὑψιγέννητον, βρύον
καρποῖσι λαμπρῶν χρωμάτων μεμιγμένοις,
χρυσαυγές, ἐρυθρόν. καὶ προσελθόντος γ' ἐμοῦ
εὔοδμον αὖραν, ἱμέρου θελκτηρίαν,
ἧκεν τὸ δένδρον, ὥστε προσγελᾶν ἐμὲ
πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον ἢ τιν' ἀνθέων ἄπο
γλυκεῖαν ὀσμήν, ἢ 'ν ἐφεσπέρῳ χρόνῳ
μητρῷον ἀρνὸς ἤ τινος μόσχου γάλα
στάζοντα μαστόν, τῆς νεαγενοῦς τροφῆς
ἄθικτον, ἁβροῖς ἀμφὶ παιζόντων ποσί.

L.

Mistress Mary.

MISTRESS Mary,
Quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
  And hyacinths all of a row.

GAMMER GURTON.

To Maurice.

YOU'LL have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
  And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
  And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
  And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
  Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win.

TENNYSON.

Domina Maria.

O MEA Maria,
Tota contraria,
  Quid tibi crescit in horto?
Testæ et crotali
Sunt mihi flosculi,
  Cum hyacinthino serto.

H. D.

Ergo Post nonam venies.

NEC mordax aderit lingua bibentibus,
Sed sermo modicus, vinaque mollia;
Dum te pica loquax murmure garrulo
  Mulcet sub trabe pinea.

Ædes servat enim piniferum nemus
Hinc, illinc, hiemis flatibus obvium;
Arentes scopulos subveniens mare
  Cano gurgite proluit.

Hic si forte, jugis subdita lacteis,
Tardum navis iter bellica volverit,
Tractus luciferos inter et illitas
  Umbras Oceanum petens,

Tecum tangere amem flagitium grave,
Injustique avidam Martis originem;
Cuinam sors faveat, cui Deus, æstimans
  Æquali trutina vices.

H. M. B.

Laodamia.

'With Sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore:
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the Sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens, and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia, that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!'

WORDSWORTH.

Laodamia.

'Ah quoties facio—sic spes jubet irrita—vota
  Ante renascentem non sine thure diem!
Ah quoties cæsum, tenebris velata, maritum
  A Stygiis repeto nocte reversa Deis!
Vos iterum veniam, cælestia numina, posco:
  Jupiter, hunc oculis, Maxime, redde meis!'

Sic ait, et, suadente fidem quo flagrat amore,
  Jam duplices supplex tendit ad astra manus;
Quum, veluti nubem diffindens lumine Phœbus,
  Panditur illi oculus, frons radiata nitet.
Ut micuere sinus! incessu grandior aucto,
  Composita expectat, quid sibi fata parent.

Excipiunt quantos en gaudia quanta timores!
  Quidnam oculis lustrat? quem videt uxor amans?
Ille vir Iliaca rediit modo cæsus arena,
  Corporis et vivi pristinus ille vigor?
An fallax ludit species? non fallitur—ipsum
  Ducit Atlantiades aliger ecce deus!

Ut tetigit virga quemvis sedante pavorem,
  Sic blandos Hermes edidit ore sonos:
'Vir tuus æthereis dextro Jove vescitur auris;
  Hoc datur acceptæ, Laodamia, preci.
Huc redit ut tecum socias tres compleat horas;
  En coram spectas—accipe dona—virum!'

R. S.

The Drama of Life.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Fabula Vitæ.

Quo partes agimus, terra est commune theatrum
Scenaque factorum: instabiles eximus, inimus,
Fabulaque in septem vitæ producitur actus.
Principio in cunis vagit sine viribus infans,
Nutricisque sinu vomit et lallare recusat.
Inde puer querulus doctæ ad delubra Minervæ
Suspensus dextra loculos, et lucidus ora,
Incessu tardo adrepit: tum tristis amator
Fornacis ritu fervet, caræque puellæ
Molle supercilium lugubri carmine laudat.
Hinc bellator atrox, in jurgia promptus et audax,
Jurans per loca mira, feræ barbatus ad instar,
Vanum et inane decus vel in ipso limine mortis
Quærit ovans, vitamque cupit pro laude pacisci!
Proximus in scenam judex venit. Ille rotundo
Ventre capit pullum, lautæque opsonia mensæ,
Contractos torquens oculos, barbaque timendus;
Verbaque docta loqui solet, et res promere tritas;
Et sibi sic proprias partes agit. Inde senecta
Vacillans curva titubat, macilentus homullus,
Laxa podagrosæ supponens tegmina plantæ;
Cui pera ad latus est, et vitrea lumina nasum;
Cui, bene servatus, jam major crure cothurnus;

Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKSPEARE.

Daughter of Locrine.

VIRGIN daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

MILTON.

n lingua infringi, vox delirare virilis,
fundi infantes balba de nare susurri.
us inde ætas succedit septima, finis
ellæ, extremus vitæ mirabilis actus:
udicat ingenium, rediere oblivia rerum;
tus hebet, pereunt dentes, est lumen ademptum;
nia deficiunt atque uno tempore desunt.

B. H. D.

Nata Locrini.

VIRGO magni nata Locrini,
Anchisiadum sanguis avorum,
Sic tibi nunquam largus aquarum
Careat plenis fontibus amnis;
Sed desiliant montanarum
Mille crepantes scatebræ nivium.
Tibi nec diri Sirius astri
Crinem attenuet, tostus et aer;
Nec crystalli puros calices
Inquinet atris October aquis.
Sed beryllon, sed tuus aurum
Mollem fluctus volvat ad oram;
Sed tibi frontem turris et agger
Læta semper mole coronent,
Ripæque oleant mixta virenti
Cinnama myrrha.

C. M.

The City Shower.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage;
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean;

Imber Urbanus.

Si bene quis varii cognoverit omina cæli,
  Non temere huic subitis obfuit imber aquis;
Scilicet in terras ubi sit ruitura procella,
  Undique dant certas plurima signa notas.
Desinit assuetos venturi præscia ludos,
  Nec sequitur caudam felis, ut ante, suam:
Putrida corruptos sentina emittit odores,
  Cum propriam repetis, nocte ineunte, domum.
Si sapias, hodie sit cura domestica cœna;
  Mensa nec alterius suadeat ire foras;
Quippe gravis sumptus conductæ, crede, quadrigæ
  Pluris constabit, quam cibus ille domi.
Sæva dabunt importuni præsagia calli,
  Et novus a fractis dentibus angor erit.
Oscitat, inque uncta discinctus Natta popina
  Multa piger de se, de Jove multa dolet.
Interea madidas Auster quatit humidus alas,
  Et tristem nubes occupat atra polum,
Quæ nimio proluta haustu, velut ebrius olim,
  Indelibatas evomit ore dapes.
Suspensas Susanna rapit de cannabe vestes,
  Fertur ut obliqua prima procella via.
Sic tortis agitur de scopis fœtidus imber,
  Præter inexpertas te properante fores:

You fly, invoke the gods; then turning stop
To rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life.
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town:
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach;
The tucked-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed:
Triumphant tories and desponding whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from, by their sight and smell.

Testaris Superos; fugis; ancillæque minaris;
  Illa canit; gravior fit quoque gyrus aquæ.
Ingruit interea cum multo pulvere nimbus,
  Et movet alternas sævus uterque vices.
Densior at cælo cum tandem decidit imber,
  Guttaque jam guttam continuata premit,
Femina per madidos festinat plurima vicos;
  Admissas alias prompta taberna capit.
Quælibet expositas miratur Delia merces;
  Et, nihil empturæ, cuncta licentur anus.
Comptus inurbanum metitur Pollio cælum,
  De conducendis ceu dubitaret equis:
Non lentis pedibus Phiale succincta laborat;
  In latus umbellæ flumina mille furunt.
Hic varie ductos, variis qui partibus adstant,
  Hospita colloquio congregat umbra pari;
Quique habet imperium regni, quique ardet habere;
  Regnorum immemores, dum loca sicca petunt.
Parte alia juvenis, lectica vectus operta,
  Ut sedet, effusas in caput horret aquas:
En! corium stridet pluvias quod desuper arcet;
  Horrendus sonor est; intus et ille tremit.
Omnibus interea in plateis tumuere canales,
  Fertque simul prædam quæque cloaca suam;

They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St Pulcre's shape their course;
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

SWIFT.

To a Lady.

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
  Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
  That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
  The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks,
  That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
  Their plumage to his wings?

W. SPENSER.

Utque ruunt luteum per vicum impulsa tropæa,
  Ipsa notant e queis partibus urbis eant.
Per fora, per totum violens fluit unda macellum;
  Immensos aperit longa Suburra sinus;
Hic varia effeti rapiuntur pignora vici,
  Ilia percussi mixta cruore bovis,
Piscesque, immundique canes, felesque, fimusque,
  Stercus odoriferæ colluviesque viæ.
Sed mihi nec spatium est nec mens, ut singula narrem;
  Cuncta simul tumidis rapta feruntur aquis.

J. H.

Ad Lydiam.

Non bene cunctabar; sed culpam ignosce fatenti;
  Oblitus horarum fui:
Quam tacito incedit Tempus pede, nil nisi molles
  Cum calce flores proterit!

Quis, sensim ut refluunt, ita grana fidelis ocellus
  In vitreo notat globo,
Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena minutis,
  Nitore quæ fallunt suo?

Quis facilem certa metitur lege volatum
  Inter serena Temporis,
Cum Paradisiacæ plumæ suffuderit alis
  Tempus colores aureos?

H. D.

Bye, Baby Bunting.

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Father's gone a hunting,
Mother's gone a milking,
Sister's gone a silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap Baby Bunting in.

GAMMER GURTON.

Sweet Western Wind.

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is,
  Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss
  And fan her wanton hair;
Bring me but one; I'll promise thee,
  Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
  And all beset with flowers.

HERRICK.

Ad Infantem.

Dormias, bellule,
Care puellule;
Pater erraticus
Abit venaticus;
Lacte matercula
Apparat fercula;
Soror cum fiscina
Quærit bombycina;
Frater his gnavior,
Frater his suavior,
Redit cum vellere,
Quo sciat pellere
Frigus a bellulo
Fratre puellulo.

E. C. H.

Ad Favonium.

Libare nostræ quatenus osculum,
Suavis Favoni, contigit, aeris
Rivalis, et lenam Perennæ
Cæsariem tibi ventilare,
Huc o vel unum fer mihi basium:
Sudes odoris sic opobalsamis,
Non imbre plebeio, vagasque
Floribus impediare pinnas.

H. A. J. M.

To an Editor.

So rude and senseless are thy lays,
  The weary audience vows,
'Tis not the Arcadian swain that sings,
  But 'tis his herd that lows.

SHENSTONE.

The Ceasing of the Oracles.

THE Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priests from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
  The parting genius is with sighing sent.
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

Ad Editorem.

AM rude carmen habes, ita sunt sine Apolline versus,
Pertæsus auditor crepat,
t non Arcadicus videatur psallere pastor,
Mugire sed credas boves.

B.

Oraculorum Defectio.

ORACULORUM quidquid erat, tacet;
Nec fraudulentas murmure dissono
Effundit ambages sacerdos
Per magici laqueare templi:
Sanctisque sanctas incola Pythius
Dedoctus artes tandem adytis silet,
Tandem ipse Delphorum supinam
Destituit gemebundus arcem.
Nec fabulosæ noctis imagines,
Nec elocuto murmura Apolline
Mentem pavescentis ministri
Fatidicis quatiunt ab antris.
At sæpe fletus montibus inviis,
At crebra rauco litore personant
Lamenta; fons utcunque, Fauno
Exule, populeaque silva
Prætexta vallis non sine planctibus
Linquuntur; umbræque implicitæ Dryas
Conquesta sublustri recessu
Scissa sedet vario capillum

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

MILTON.

He must be told on't, and he shall.

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied, as he that nobody can please.

COLTON.

Epitaph.

SHE took the cup of life to sip;
  Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She meekly put it from her lip,
  And went to sleep again.

ANON.

Flore impeditum; perque sacros focos,
Et consecrato in cespite præsidum
  De nocte suspirant omisso
    Turba Larum Lemurumque cultu:
Et inter urnas tenuis anhelitus,
Arasque circum sparsus, et invicem
  Dilapsus arcanis timori est
    Flaminibus medio apparatu;
Signumque ductum marmore frigido
Sudoris udi stillat imagine,
  Sellisque Di, regno potiti
    Quisque suo, fugiunt relictis.

H. I. S. M.

Uter est insanior horum?

O TER mihi dolende, qui nulli places!
O millies dolende, cui nemo placet!

B. H. K.

ΕΥΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ.

PARVULA libarat vitam Melitilla; sed eheu!
  Displicuit nimia potus amaritie:
Leniter amovit tenero cratera labello,
  Atque iterum somno lumina composuit.

B. H. K.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy land
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*There is heard clanging of armour, with thunder, as the burst of a battle: they all rise and bow to the altar.*]

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people: I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A New Mistress.

Call me not love, unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind,
To war and arms I flie.

Another mistress hence I chace,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

LOVELACE.

ΑΡΚΙΤΗΣ.

ΑΡ. Σὺ δή με σοῦ μαθόντα σάλπιγγος δὲ σῆς
ὀπαδὸν ἀνδρόπαιδα, σήμερον δορὸς
ἔργ' ἐκδιδάσκων δὸς μετ' εὐκλείας σέθεν
πρόσω στρατηλατοῦντα σημείων χλιδῇ
σοῦ καλλίνικον εὖγμ' ἀνειπόντος λαβεῖν.
ἴθ', ὦ μέγιστε, δεῖξον εὖ φρονῶν, Ἄρες.
ΧΟ. ἔφριξεν αἰθήρ· προσκυνῶμεν, ὦ φίλοι.
ΑΡ. μηνιμάτων ἄλαστορ οὐκ ἀνασχέτων,
πόλεις ὁ σείων τὰς ἀγὰν ὠγκωμένας,
χρόνῳ μυδωσῶν παγκρατὲς τιμῶν βραβεῦ,
τομαῖς τομῶσαν γῆς ὁ κουφίζων νόσον,
ὁ σώμασιν σφριγῶσαν ἰσχναίνων χθόνα,
ἐδεξάμην τὸν ὄρνιν, ἐντολῇ δὲ σῇ
ἐς πεῖραν εἶμ' ἄτρεστος. ὁρμᾶσθαι δοκεῖ.

R. C. J.

Novus Amor.

Parce precor verbis, cara, indulgere severis,
  Quod de tam casta sede libenter agar,
Sede tuæ mentis tranquillæ in pectore puro,
  Et celer in pugnas et media arma ruam.
Quicunque instructo per campos imperat hosti,
  Est novus a nobis ille petendus amor;
Danda fides clypeo, danda est jam certior ensi,
  Et magis ardentem sollicitamus equum.

B. H. D.

Arethusa.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains;
From cloud and from crag
With many a jag
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

SHELLEY.

Bibo.

When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He turned in the boat and to Charon he said;
'I will be rowed back, for I am not yet dead.'
'Trim the boat and sit quiet,' stern Charon replied,
'You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.'

PRIOR.

Arethusa.

ΘΑΛΑΜΩΝ Ἀρέθουσ' ἐκ νιφοέντων
ὦρτ' ἐνὶ βήσσαις Ἀκροκεραύνου,
τότε μὲν νεφελῶν ἐξαλλομένη
τότε δ' ἐκ κρημνῶν παιπαλοέντων,
καθαρὰς πηγὰς ποιμαίνουσα·
σκοπέλων καθύπερθ' ὠρχήσατ' ἰοῦσ',
ἐν δὲ ῥοαῖσιν
πλοκάμων ποίκιλμα κατέρρει.
ὡς δ' εἶρπεν, ἀεὶ κατόπισθε ποδῶν
ἄνθεσι χλωροῖς πέδον ἐστρώθη,
πέδον ἑσπερινὰς τεῖνον ἐς αὐγάς.
ὧδ' ἁλλομένη καὶ δινεύουσ',
ᾄδουσ' ἅμ' ἔβη
ψιθύρισμ' ἁπαλώτερον ὕπνου.
Γῇ δ' ἐφίλει νιν, χὠ καθύπερθεν
προφρόνως ἐγέλα θέσφατος αἰθήρ,
ὡς κατὰ βῆσσαν
μαλακοὺς ἅλαδ' εἷρπε κελεύθους.

F. C. H.

Bibo.

DUM Bibo de terris tandem dignatus abire est,
Spumantis Bacchi plenus, ut ova cibi;
Exsilit in cymba, tristemque Charonta moratur;
'Non obii—remum stringe—redire volo.'
Heus! cave, cymbam agitas,' cui portitor; 'O bone, nescis
Multo prolutum te periisse mero?'

B.

Sir Balaam.

Where London's Column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemnized the Lord's:
Constant at Church and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
"Live like yourself" was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;

Crispinus.

ULPIA qua cælum scandens sublime Columna
Ut tu, celse Thraso, caput erigit et mentitur[1];
Crispinus, bonus et simplex, de plebe togata,
Degebat, frugi, Dìvum quoque cultor et æqui;
Cujus nota fides, virtusque paratior ore:
Unius tantum patinæ cui luce profesta
Prandebatur olus, festa modo luce botellus.
Ipse operabatur sacris, nec te minus omnem,
Jane, frequentabat, modicum et certum inde lucellum
Percipiens; parcus·dandi, sed mitis egenis.
Invidit sancto capiti Deus, atque paravit
Illecebris captare novis: non Ille malorum
Nunc gravitate bonos, factus solertior, urget;
Tentat enim tollendo homines, nec, ut ante, premendo.
Ilicet Æolii flatu ducis acta procella
Totum agitat pelagus, genitoremque obruit alto
Crispini: maris en! spoliis patrimonia crescunt,
Et non una sedet Bruttiis oneraria saxis.
At fortunati dominus Crispinus agelli,
Nunc Romanus eques, se comparat omnibus usquam
Divitibus; lætus nunc versat pocula, nunc, nunc
Indulget Genio. "Vivas," domina ingerit uxor,
"Qualis es;" et botulis fumat jam mensa duobus.
Continuo, nudus thalamo dum sterteret Indus
Hospes surripuit gemmam vafer: hanc Crispino

[1] In basi columnæ Trajani, CXXX pedes altæ, scriptum invenitur: *Ad declarandum quantæ altitudinis mons et locus tantis operibus sit egestus.* Mera crassi centurionis gloriatio! VET. SCHOL.

He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice!"
The tempter saw his time: the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn;
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life,)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmastide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:

Pignerat: oppositam Crispinus denegat audax
Sardonychem, retinetque: dolet fur ille retenta.
Hæsitat hic tamen, atque animum sic liberat: "at nunc
Assem pauperibus dabo pro quadrante; Deorum
Festa coronabo bis tot donaria libis;
Quippe ita sum pravorum aliunde immunis."—Id ipsum
Nactus adurgendi tempus Deus, omne labantis
Tentat obitque latus; cumulat rem, complet acervos;
Dat nummos duplicatque, usura pascit iniqua;
Donec abundantem numerosi fœnoris imbrem
Impulit, et solido descendit plurimus asse.
Tunc penitus misero insedit, totumque recepit;
Procuratorem facit, et sic denique regnat.
  En tibi Crispinum! qui nunc vir bellus et acer
Parta suis tribuit meritis, sibique imputat ipsam
Fortunam: tantum Genius juvat, utpote prudens,
Atque Deûm cura versutia faustior omni.
Nomina sic rerum mutant cum moribus: inde
Languet res divina domi: jam femina sacris
Invigilet, vernæque Laris: velit ipse, sed instant
Tanto majores humana negotia curæ.
At bona Saturni, sic Di voluere, diebus
Templa petebat anus, factaque gravedine cessit.
  Splendida plebeio nunc ardet in hospite virgo,
Patricia tumet ille socru; foribusque potentum
Assidet, et regum stipat latus, ille politus,
Ille facetus eques; vulgusque insuave Suburræ

Leaves the dull cits and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred gallants in St James' air.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife son and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

POPE.

None but the Brave.

LOVE is a kind of war: hence those who fear!
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear.

HERRICK.

Deserit, uxorique placens jam sponte maritis
Jungit se fatuis, quos ambit purpura felix,
Et levis augusti quos ventilat aura Palati.
Impetrat hinc gladium generoso a Cæsare nato,
Ut bibat, et ludat, rixaque intercidat uda:
Nobile conjugium natæ parat; illa superbo
Carpento vehitur; sedet altum injuria formæ.
Mox et Romulei scamnum affectare senatus,
Vendere se dominis: conjux certare fritillo
Interea, nec fausta Venus; sibi consulit ipse
Attonitus, pretioque inhiat donisque Phrahatis.
O utinam non tanta viro fiducia diris
Esset in Arsacidis! mox defert Regulus, audit
Curia clamantem, vultumque avertit Atrides;
Fit reus, et gladium jam porrigit Arria tristis.
Debentur sævis cum conjuge filius Umbris
Nataque; quamque magis stupuit, res denique fisco.
Quod superest, Princeps damnosaque Tartara lucrum
Inter se faciunt: moriens, Crispine, Deorum
Increpitas numero, detestarisque Lavernam.

C. M.

Fortes Fortuna adjuvat.

MILITAT omnis amans: animi procul este pusilli:
Signa dei timidos regia ferre pudet.

H. A. J. M.

The Virgin Martyr.

THOU fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it:
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.

MASSINGER.

Poor Robin.

THE north-wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

GAMMER GURTON.

In omne Virgo Nobilis ævum.

Ω μῶρ', ὃς αὐχεῖς εἴ μ' ἀποστερεῖν σθένεις
φαῦλόν τι, φαῦλον κτῆμα δύσφορόν θ' ἅμα·
ἐπεὶ βίου τί κέρδος; οὐδαμοῦ λέγω·
πλὴν, ἐς τοσοῦτον, οὕνεκ' ἀλλάξασά νιν
κρείσσω λάβοιμ' ἄν· σὴ μὲν οὖν λώβη μόνον
ἐπακρισούσῃ, βαθμὸς ὥς, ὑπηρετεῖ
ὑψίθρονον πρὸς ὄλβον, οὗ καθημένη,
καταφρονήσω σοῦ τε καὶ θνητοῦ δύης·
οὗ χαρμοναῖσι γνησίαις κυκλουμένη,
ἄφθαρτὸς εἰς αἰῶνας, εὐφρανθήσομαι
οἷ' ἐκτίνοντες ἡλίκ' ἠμπολήκαμεν.
ἥβη γὰρ ἔνθ' ἄπαυστος ἄφθιτόν τ' ἔαρ·
οὐκ ἀρθροκηδὲς ψῦχος, οὐ λαβρὸν σέλας,
οὐ λιμὸς οὔτε γῆρας ἔνθα βλαστάνει.

R. C. J.

Rubecula.

STRIDET ventus Borealis,
Imber ingruet nivalis;
Quo se vertet hora in illa
Rubicilla?

In granario sedebit,
Plumea tepens fovebit
Molle caput sub axilla,
Rubicilla.

E. C. H.

Requiescat.

STREW on her roses, roses,
But never a spray of yew;
In silence she reposes,
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles and glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath,
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty halls of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Clown's Reply.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why Asses had ears:
'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking of Asses.'

GOLDSMITH.

Requiescat.

Τηεδε κόρης καταχεῖτε ῥόδον ῥόδον· οὐ κυπαρίσσου
τοῖσδε πρέπει λέκτροις φυλλάδ' ἐπιστορέσαι·
σῖγα γὰρ ἡσυχίης ἀναπαύεται ἥδε τυχοῦσα·
εἴθ' ὄφελον κἠγὼν τήνδ' ἀνάπαυλαν ἔχειν·

Εὐφροσύνην ᾔτησαν ὁμήλικες· ἡ δὲ γελῶσα
δῶκε χαρὰν πάσαις, ὡς καλύκεσσι δρόσος·
ἥλικας εὐφραίνουσα κάμεν, κάμεν· ἀλλὰ τὸ λοιπὸν
ἐνθάδ' ἀπειποῦσαν κεῖσθαι ἐῶσι βροτοί.

Ζώσης πάντα μὲν ἔσκε πολύρροθα, πάντα δὲ θερμά,
ἀντιμεθελκομένης ἐν στροφάλιγγι βίου·
εἰρήνης δὲ μάτην ἐπεμαίεθ' ὅ γ' ἔνδοθι θυμός,
καὶ νῦν εἰρήνην ἀμφιχυθεῖσαν ἔχει.

Οὔτις ἔτι ψυχὴν οἴκησις ἐνοῦσαν ἐχώρει,
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀμπνεῦσαι στεινὸς ἔδωκε βίος·
ὀψὲ δ' ἀπήλλακται δεσμῶν, καὶ ἀπείρονος Ἅιδου
σήμερον ἐν μεγάροις δεσπότις ἀνστρέφεται.

W. J.

Catus quantumvis rusticus.

'Scin tu,' sic duo patricii dixere faceti,
'Auriculas cur portet Asellus,
Optime calonum?' 'Sum plane indoctior,' ille;
'Nec plus quam vos scire decorum est:
'At mihi Asellorum, cum vos vidisse, Magistri,
'Contigerit, referetur imago.'

H. D.

Song from Zapolya.

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted,
And poised therein a bird so bold,
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled,
Within that shaft of sunny mist,
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: Adieu, Adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true;
The blossoms, they make no delay,
The sparkling dewdrops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away,
Far, far away,
To-day, to-day!

COLERIDGE.

Laura.

WHEN Laura first, with heaven's own radiance bright
Beamed in full lustre on my ravish'd sight;
Ere yet the wonder spoke, I saw, and loved:
What marble by such beauty were not moved!
But when, in tones as music soft and clear,
With Nature's melody she charm'd mine ear,
Her tongue confirmed the triumph of her eyes:
Who sees is wounded, but who listens dies.

WRANGHAM.

ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ.

Ειδον Φοῖβου βέλος αἰθόμενον
λέχριον δ' ἐπὶ γῆν ἦλθεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος,
ἐν δὲ μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀταρβής.
ὦ γλυκὺς ὄρνις, σὺ δ' ἐκηλήθης,
κατέβης, ἀνέβης, στίλβων, ᾄδων,
εὔειλον ἔχων βέλος ἀέριον,
ῥύγχος χρυσοῦν, ὄμμα ζάπυρον,
τἄλλα δὲ πάντ' ἦν ἀμεθύστου.

καὶ τάδ' ἐφώνεις· χαίρετε, χαίρετε,
παυροῖς γὰρ ἔρως ὄναρ οὐ ψεύδει·
τἄνθη μὲν ἐκεῖν' οὔτι χρονίζει,
δροσερὰν δ' αἴγλην οὐκ ἔστι μένειν·
φίλτατε μηνῶν, σὺ δὲ χαῖρ' ἡμῖν
ἕκας οἰχομένοις, ἤδη φρούδοις,
σήμερον ἀκμὴ
σήμερον ἡμῖν ἕκας εἶναι.

W. J.

Laura.

Ut primum Lauram aspexi perculsus amore,
Quod rude sensisset marmor, et ipse tuli;
Gratia tanta oculis inerat, licet ore taceret,
Causa satis flammæ lux erat illa meæ!
Sed cum mellitas voces haurire dabatur,
Et quo ducebat blanda loquela sequi;
Quantum lingua oculum superaret non bene noram
Perditus: hic tantum vulnerat, illa necat.

F. W.

The Dying Lover.

Go tell Amynta, gentle Swain,
I will not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls opprest, and dumb with grief,
The Gods have given this kind relief,
That Music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give;
But love on pity cannot live:
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my woes so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

SUCKLING.

Fragmentum.

ΚΑΤΘΑΝΟΙΣΑ δὲ κεῖσ'· οὐδέποτα μναμοσύνα σέθεν ἔσσετ' οὐδέποτ' εἰς ὕστερον· οὐ γὰρ πεδέχεις βρόδων τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας, ἀλλ' ἀφανῆς κὴν 'Αΐδα δόμοις φοιτασεῖς πεδ' ἀμαυρῶν νεκύων ἐκπεποταμένα.

SAPPHO.

Amator moriens.

VADE age, me nostræ moriturum, pastor, Amyntæ,
 Me querula ausurum verba movere, nega;
Ista quidem, numeris modo sit conjuncta canoris,
 Vox erit eloquio plus valitura meo;
Hoc tamen oppressæ menti, mutæque dolore,
 Munere cælicolum dulce lèvamen adest,
Ut referat, quales moriens vix posset amator
 Edere, concordes carmine Musa sonos.

Illa dabit lacrimam; fors et suspiria ducet;
 Vivere amor, tantum quem miserere, nequit;
Pectora pectoribus, dic, respondere necesse est,
 Et pretio est veri solus amoris amor.
Tam cito, perge loqui, nostri crevere dolores,
 Quos pia non poterit tangere cura diu;
Sed miser expectat, dum mors obsignet ocellos,
 Cui vox præ nimio fracta dolore silet.

W. W.

Debemur morti nos nostraque.

AT leto jaceas perpetuo, nec memores tui
Voces te celebrent, Pieriæ participem rosæ;
Sic ingloria, sic sub tenebris Tartareæ domus
Obscuros volitans tu Lemures inter habebere.

W. W.

What's in a Name.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece?

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line:
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only, only, call me Thine.'

COLERIDGE.

Poor Lubin.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.

'A different cause,' says Doctor Sly,
'The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he may die,
His wife that he may live.'

PRIOR.

Πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία.

Quonam nomine vellet illa, nostris
Ut sese canerem in modis, amicam
Rogavi; sit Amanda, sit Melissa,
Græco e fonte petita vel Latino,
Sit Chloris, Nea, Laura, Dorimene,
Seu quamcunque aliam magis probaret?

'Ah! quid me rogites?' reponit illa:
'Nil sunt nomina sola præter auram.
Si qua vox melior sonet canenti,
Hanc dicas, sit Amanda, sit Melissa,
Sit quæcunque alia aptior Camenæ:
Sed tantum Tua nominer memento.'

F. W.

Lubinus Moriens.

Sub exitu Lubinus in toro jacet;
  Desperat uxor interim;
Suspiriisque, lacrimisque mutuis,
  Ambo dolores exprimunt.

'Diversa causa gignit effectus pares,'
  Mussat Sacerdos callidus;
'Ne pereat, ægro corde Lubinus gemit;
  Ne vivat, uxor anxia est.'

H. D.

The Restoration of Clifford.

Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot' exclaims the lance;
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the shield.
Tell thy name, thou trembling field,
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory.

Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war.

WORDSWORTH.

Green grow the rashes.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O!

BURNS.

Io Triumphe.

Sanguinem Claudi, dominum receptum,
Increpant ultro facinusque poscunt
Arma, quæ fœdat situs in vetusto
Pariete fixa.
I feri Parthos, sonat hasta: Gallos
Ultimos mecum pete, clamat umbo.
Quisquis es, bello tremefacta nostro,
Debite morti,
Debite et nobis ager, ede nomen,
Et triumphantes gemitu saluta
Conscius. Lux terque quaterque felix,
Lux bona, salve,
Quum potens rerum sua jure tecta
Pastor intrabit, gladioque avito
Ibit accinctus, generique tanto
Redditus hæres
Ibit, et qualis procul orta fulget
Stella quæ sero potuit renasci,
Agmen haud imbelle, gregesque sævos
Ducet in hostem.

W. J.

Virent Junci.

Virent junci fluviales,
Junci prope lymphas:
Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt
Hora inter nymphas!

B.

Humpty Dumpty.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the King's horses, nor all the Queen's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again.

GAMMER GURTON.

Circumstance.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival:
Two lovers whispering by an orchard-wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-grown beside a grey church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

TENNYSON.

Humptius Dumptius.

Humptius in muro requievit Dumptius alto;
Humptius e muro Dumptius heu! cecidit;
Sed non Regis equi, Reginæ exercitus omnis,
Humpti, te, Dumpti, restituere loco!

H. D.

Ο ΚΑΘ' ἩΜΕΡΑΝ ΒΙΟΣ.

Παιδε δύω συνίοντε δυοῖν ἀπὸ γείτονε κώμαιν,
καὶ νεαρῶς παίσδοντ' ἀνὰ λείμακας ἀνθεμόεντας·
κᾆτα δύω ξείνω σύναμ' ἀντομένω κατ' ἑορτήν·
κᾆτα δύω φιλέοντε παρ' ὄρχατον ἁδὺ λαλεῦντε·
κᾆτα δύω ψυχὰ σὺν χρυσείοισι δεθείσα
ζεύγεσιν ἁσυχίας· πολιοῦ δὲ παρέγγυθι ναοῦ
ποιήεντε τάφω δροσεροῖς μειλίγμασιν ὄμβρων
τεγγομένω μαλακῶς, αἰὲν γλάκωνα φέροντε·
καὶ δύο παῖδε τραφέντε μιᾷ συνομάλικε κώμᾳ·
τοῖος δὴ βίος ἀμμὶν ἐποίχεται ἆμαρ ἐπ' ἆμαρ.

H. I. H.

Danae.

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιάντοισι
παρειαῖς, ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε
φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τε· ὦ τέκος
οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς, γαλαθήνῳ τ'
ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ
κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' αὐαλέαν
ὕπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
οὐδ' ἀνέμων φθόγγων, πορφυρέᾳ
κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
ὑπεῖχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὗδε βρέφος,
εὑδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὑδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.
μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλέον
ἔπος, εὔχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

SIMONIDES.

Danae.

QUANDO insonaret sub trabe dædala
Vis sæva ventorum, et pelagi palus
  Concussa suaderet timorem,
    Inque genis trepidaret humor,
Fovit tenellum Persea brachiis
Dixitque Mater: 'Me miseram, quibus
  Curis laboro! tu sed æreis
    Vectibus implacidoque lecto,
Lactens juventus, sterneris, et tuum
Carpis soporem: te pelagi premit
  Cælique caligo; sed ipse
    Immemori frueris quiete;
Quantum capillis immineant aquæ,
Quantumque venti vis crepet, unice
  Securus: ut pulcher nitensque
    Purpureo recubas in ostro!
Quod si timeres quæ mihi sunt metu,
Et aure vocem conciperes meam,
  Dormi, juberem; dormiunto
    Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti.
Sic et benignus consilium Pater
Mutet refingens in melius, neque
  Hæc nolit ulcisci, precando
    Ni fuerim nimium molesta!'

C. M.

The Isles of Greece.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free:
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day;
And when the sun set—where were they?

BYRON.

Pat a Cake.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man.
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it and prick it and mark it with C,
Then it will serve for Charley and me.

GAMMER GURTON.

Insulæ in Aegeo.

GRÆCIA habet sparsas media inter marmora terras,
Qua calidæ Sapphus carmina movit Amor;
Artibus unde fuit bellique et pacis origo,
Qua Phœbum Delos nutriit orta suum.
Has æterna æstas radiis auroque colorat,
Sed patrii vivit nil nisi solis honor.

Subjectam montes alti Marathona tuentur,
Subjectas Marathon ipsa tuetur aquas;
Hic mihi, paulisper meditanti singula, visa est
Libertate iterum Græcia posse frui:
Namque super Persis poteram non stare sepultis,
Et me servitium credere turpe pati.

Rex in fronte olim scopulorum sederat, unde
Prospicitur Salamis, insula nata mari;
Multa carinarum jacuerunt millia subter,
Mille hominum gentes—omnia regis erant.
Cuncta recensuerat prima sub luce diei;
Quid tacito superest, sole cadente, freto?

B. H. D.

Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.

'TUNDE mihi dulcem, Pistor, mihi tunde farinam.'
'Tunditur, O rapida tunditur illa manu.'
'Punge decenter acu, tituloque inscribe magistri;
'Sic mihi, Carolulo sic erit esca meo.'

F. H.

Τὸ ἐν Χαιρωνείᾳ Πολυάνδριον[1].

Τί δὴ δακρύεις τόνδ᾽ ὁρῶν, Ἕλλην, τάφον;
ἡμεῖς γε μέντοι χαίρομεν κοιμώμενοι,
ἐλεύθεροι γάρ εἰσιν οἱ κεκμηκότες.

BUTLER.

Fair Amont.

FAIR Amont is gone astray;
  Pursue and seek her, every lover!
I'll tell the signs by which you may
  The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
  Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful ease,
  Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
  Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
  Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
  For that, which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
  She is the thing that she despises.

CONGREVE.

[1] Cf. Pausan. *Bœot.* IX. II.

Hæc mera libertas.

ꞁLES, Atheniensis, hoc bustum tuens?
Nos, crede, non tangit dolor:
vat jacere; nunc soluta vincula;
Nunc nunc vacamus liberi.

H. M. B.

. Intentata nites.

s ubi est?—abiit! Phyllis formosa vagatur;
at, et extemplo quisque sequatur amans!
bus errantem noscatis Phyllida signis,
memori vobis mente tenenda dabo.

idæ frontem, et præ se fert illa procacis;
ꞅ abest species; ars in utroque latet:
vult omni vacua anxietate videri,
aque, non simplex, simplicitatis habet.

to ex oculis radii fulgore coruscant;
putet in vario lumine inesse dolos?
ulnificos, modo credas, conjicit ignes,
.e tamen certa dirigit arte jubar.

ʳero fraudes alienas temnit et odit,
sibi sint propriæ, diligit, hasce fovet;
ios ridens, est quod deridet in illis,
que aspernatur nec videt, ipsa facit.

J. H. L. C.

Christopher Sly.

WHAT, would you make me mad? Am not I Cl topher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath: by bir pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutatic bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Marion Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she k me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the s for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knav Christendom. What, I am not bestraught!

SHAKSPEARE.

Not Now.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her dark'ning brow
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,
"I am content to die—but oh! not now;
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such songs of gladness sing
Not while bright flowers around my footstep
wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brov
I am content to die—but oh! not now."

MRS NORTC

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ Ο ΣΙΣΥΦΟΥ.

Τι δ'; ἦ μ' ἐλαύνειν εἰς μανίας σπουδάζετε;
οὐ γὰρ κέκλημαι Χριστοφόρος ὁ Σισύφου
τοὐκ Φελλέως, φύσει μὲν ἔμπορος γεγώς,
τροφῇ δὲ πινακοποιός, εἶτ' ἐξ ἀλλαγῆς
ἦν ἀρκτοφύλαξ, οἷαν δέ γε νῦν ἔρδω τέχνην
λεβητίατρος; δεῦρο δή τις καλεσάτω
τὴν σαρκίνην μοι βρυτοκαπήλιδ' Ὀμφάλην,
τὴν Οἰνόηθεν· κᾆτα πύθεσθ' αὐτῆς πάρα
εἴτ' οἶδέ μ', εἴτ' οὐκ οἶδεν ὅστις εἴμ' ἐγώ.
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐκείνη φησί μ' οἴνου κριθίνου
κατὰ συμβολὰς ἤδη δύ' ὀφείλειν οἱ δραχμάς,
ἐπιορκότατόν με Χριστοφόρων συμβάλλετε.
οὐ γάρ τι πρός γε μεμηνότ' ἄνθρωπον λόγος.

R. S.

Ἑκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θύμῳ.

LIDA hebescentem frontem mors prægravat ægræ,
ιque dies levius pes leviusque cadit.
tamen dulcem nolens amittere terram,
Jussa mori haud renuo—sed mora detur," ait;
tur adhuc mora parva; renatis undique gemmis,
ıxuriat grato vernus odore calor;
mora, dum volucrum mulcetur cantibus aura,
nplicat errantes dum rosa multa pedes.
ιtem tolle, Deus: paullisper parce caducæ,
aud renuo, detur sed mora parva, mori."

W. E. R.

The Mad Dog.

Good people all of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man
 Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
 To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

The dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man.

Canis Rabidus.

AUDITE, O cives, quovis ex ordine nati,
Et patula nostros imbibite aure modos;
Et si forte quibus videatur perbrevis esse,
Non faciet longam fabula tota moram.

Rure suburbano quidam vivebat, ut aiunt,
Quo laudis nusquam dignior alter erat;
Vir bonus et prudens, populo qui judice sanctum
Pergebat, quoties templa petebat, iter.

Hostibus hic mansuetus erat, dilectus amicis,
In cunctos miræ sedulitatis homo:
Inque dies largo nudum cingebat amictu,
Cum sese ornabat vestibus ipse suis.

Illa forte canis sese stabulabat in urbe;
Nec mirum est: multos urbs habet illa canes.
Illic Spartanumque genus fortesque Molossi,
Et catuli infames, squalida turba, ruunt.

Cum nondum lites indixerat unus et alter,
Junctus amicitia cum cane vixit homo:
Inde canis quædam, credo, sibi commoda quærens,
Fit subito rabidus, dilaniatque virum.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That shewed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite;
  The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

The Tropic Sun.

And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun;
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed;
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light;
Then sinks at once—and all is night.

SCOTT.

Undique per plateas vicinia tota cucurrit,
  Viditque horrendum constupuitque nefas;
Delirare canem jurant, qui dente profano
  Tam sanctum haud metuit dilacerare senem.

Si qua fides oculis trepidæ miserantibus urbis,
  Vulnera soliciti plena doloris erant;
Delirare canem dum jurat quisque vicissim,
  Uno est consensu mors obeunda viro.

Sed nova decurrens prodit miracula tempus,
  Mendacis vulgi garrula lingua silet;
Incolumis noster superest, mirantur et omnes
  Unum ex ambobus deperiisse canem.

H. I. H.

Sol Aequinoctialis.

Confectoque mei furore cursus,
Mergar, sol velut æquinoctialis;
Cui nec pallidulum jubar gradatim
Restinctum abluitur, nec acris ira
Sub rorante crepusculo silescit.
Orbe ardens, clypei rubentis instar,
Præceps insilit igneum cubile;
Latas sanguinea face urit undas,
Conditur—subitoque tota nox est.

B. H. D.

Ode to Liberty.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
At wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
Till, she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thine ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mournful tears.

Ad Libertatem.

Quis fila tanget? quis Lacedæmonis
Dudum tacentes excutiet modos?
  Pubemque defunctosque cœtus
    Horrisono revocabit ære,
Divina quorum cæsaries, uti
Vernos per imbres flos hyacinthinus,
  Lugubre se pandens, honestos
    Fusa humeris animi timores,
Altamque virtutem, ac niveam fidem,
Spirabat? Illos scilicet aurea
  Spectare Libertas avebat,
    Et sobolem propriam dicare.
Alterne, velox mente nova, canet
Alcæus ensem? qui viridi coma
  Myrtoque devinctus, sacrata
    Pallados æde diu retentos
Celavit ignes; dum rutilantia
Diva auspicato fulmina promeret;
  Tum clarus invictusque vindex
    Emicuit, trepidumque vulnus
Infixit. At ne, Diva, chelys tuas
Male ominatis vocibus increpans
  Aures inopportuna tristem
    Eliciat, memoremque guttam!

No, Freedom, no! I will not tell
  How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,
  Pushed by a wild and artless race
  From off its wide ambitious base:
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
  And all the blended work of strength and grace
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

COLLINS.

Morte d'Arthur.

But now farewell—I am going a long way
With these thou see'st—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

TENNYSON.

Romam tacebo: non ego concinam
Ut Roma victrix, ut caput urbium,
  Te, sancta Libertas, vidente,
    Te meritum lacrimante fatum,
Instar columnæ deciderit gravi
Stridens ruina. Scilicet horrida
  Detrusit immanisque pubes
    Sede, ferox Boreæ propago;
Cum quidquid ingens, quidquid amabile
Staret, furenti corruit impetu,
  Irasque clamoresque et inter
    Barbaricos periit tumultus.

E. B.

Beata petamus arva.

Χαιροισ ἂν ἤδη· ξὺν γὰρ αἷς ὁρᾷς μακρὰν
βαίνω πορείαν, εἴ γε δὴ πορευτέον·
ἅπασα γὰρ φρὴν συννεφὴς διχοστατεῖ·
νήσου μακαρίας πρὸς βαθύχθονας γύας,
ἵν᾽ οὐ χάλαζ᾽, οὔτ᾽ ὄμβρος, οὐ πίπτει χιὼν,
οὐκ ἐμβρέμει ποτ᾽ ἄνεμος, εὔλειμος δ᾽ ἀεὶ
μηλοσπόροισιν ὄργασιν γαληνιᾷ,
πυκνοῖς τε γύαλα δένδρεσιν κατάσκια
πόντου περιστέφουσι νηνέμοι πλάκες.

W. E. R.

The sleeping Palace awakened.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt,
  There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
  And barking dogs aud crowing cocks:
A fuller light illumined all,
  A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
  And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
  The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
  The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their strife,
  The palace bang'd and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
  Dash'd downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
  And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd and rubb'd his face and spoke,
  'By holy rood, a royal beard!

Aula regia Somno excussa.

Vix puer impressis afflaverat oscula labris,
  Afflatu magicæ dissiluere moræ:
Continuo longis clangoribus æreus umbo
  Tempora per numeros significare suos:
Ire redire pedum strepitus, se effringere postes;
  Latravit, gallo crebra canente, canis:
Amplius augusta reparari lumen in aula;
  Horto vibrantes flare reflare Noti:
Atria tum subitus concussit rauca tumultus,
  Fons ter vicenos exsiluitque pedes!

Disjectam sæpem videas, expassaque signa;
  Pocla puer, ceras villicus arripuit:
Ardet flamma foco, nido exturbatur hirundo;
  Psittacus et pavo, stridor uterque, fremunt:
Pusio prætrepidans ancillæ jurgia nectit;
  Inter se fractis intonat aula sonis;
Et, compressa diu, vis vitæ exsultat, ut amnis
  Spumeus abruptum qui ruit in barathrum.

Ultimus, excussa tremefacti nube soporis,
  Rex caput aurato sustulit in solio;
Contrectansque genas hæc ore profatur hiulco;
  'Proh Superi! facta est regia barba mihi!

How say you? we have slept, my lords:
  My beard has grown into my lap!'
The barons swore with many words,
  'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still
  My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
  I mention'd half an hour ago?'
The Chancellor, sedate and vain,
  In courteous words return'd reply;
But dallied with his golden chain,
  And, smiling, put the question by.

TENNYSON.

Pippen Hill.

As I was going up Pippen Hill,
  Pippen Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty Miss,
  And she dropt me a curt'sy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
  Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown in purse,
  I'd spend it all upon you.

GAMMER GURTON.

Hæcce quis expediat? Proceres, dormivimus,' inquit;
 'Ad medium crevit pendula barba femur.'
Causantur proceres; 'Quæ tanta injuria somni?
 Vix modici pransis detumuere cibi.'

Rex, majorum umbras et nomina sancta precatus,
 'Quicquid id est,' infit, 'membra sopore rigent.
An, modo quam suasi legem, Præfecte, feramus?'
 Splendidus obsequium præstitit ore senex:
Sæpe sed auratum versavit pollice torquem,
 Et rem subridens distulit ancipitem.

C. M.

Collis Pippenius.

Colle in Pippenio vagabar olim,
(Collis Pippenius luto madebat)
Occurrit mihi suaviter puella,
Et salvere jubet, genu soluto.

O puellula, virginum quot errant
Felicissima sis venustiorum;
Quod calcas rosa fiat, O tenella!
Si drachmam in loculis meis haberem,
Donarem tibi mille margaritas.

H. D.

Nisus loquitur.

Nisus erat portæ custos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides; comitem Æneæ quem miserat Ida
Venatrix, jaculo celerem levibusque sagittis;
Et juxta comes Euryalus, quo pulcrior alter
Non fuit Æneadum, Trojana neque induit arma:
Ora puer prima signans intonsa juventa.
His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant:
Tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
Nisus ait, 'Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?
Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi; nec placida contenta quiete est.
Cernis, quæ Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:
Lumina rara micant; somno vinoque sepulti
Procubuere; silent late loca. Percipe porro,
Quid dubitem, et quæ nunc animo sententia surgat.
Ænean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
Exposcunt; mittique viros, qui certa reportent.
Si tibi, quæ posco, promittunt; nam mihi facti
Fama sat est; tumulo videor reperire sub illo
Posse viam ad muros et mœnia Pallantea.'

VIRGILIUS.

ΕΝΑ ΘΥΜΟΝ ΕΧΟΝΤΕΣ.

Πυλας ἐφρούρει Νῖσος, Ὑρτάκου γόνος,
μάλ' ἐν μάχαισι θοῦρος, ἐκ δ' ἔπεμψέ νιν
Ἴδη κυναγὸς, Αἰνέᾳ παραστάτην,
λόγχῃ τε κλεινὸν καὶ θοοῖς τοξεύμασι.
τούτῳ δ' ἑταῖρος προὐστάτει πυλῶν ὁμοῦ
Εὐρύαλος, εἶδος ἔξοχος τῶν Αἰνέου,
πάντων θ' ὅσοι φοροῦσι Τρωϊκὴν σάγην,
ἄρτι χνοάζων ἄξυρον παρηΐδα.
τοῖσδ' εἷς ἔρως ἦν, ἐς μάχην θ' ὁρμὴ μία,
καὶ νῦν τὸν αὐτὸν ἔλαχον ἐν πύλαις πάλον.
λέγει δὲ Νῖσος· ἦ θεοὶ, φίλ', ἐν φρεσὶν
ἔδωκαν ἡμῖν τήνδε τὴν προθυμίαν;
ἢ τοὐπιθυμεῖν τοὖν ἑκάστοισιν κρατοῦν,
θεὸς οὗτος ἀνθρώποισιν; ὡς ἐμοὶ πάλαι
ἅμιλλαν ἤ τί γ' ἔργον ὁρμαίνει μέγα
ὁ θυμὸς, οὐδέ μ' ἀργίᾳ στέργειν ἐᾷ.
τὸ τῶν πολεμίων, θάρσος εἰσορᾷς ὅσον;
σπάνις γε πύρσων, διαβεβρεγμένοι δ' ὕπνῳ
οἴνῳ τε κεῖνται, πᾶς τ' ἐσίγησεν τόπος.
νῦν οὖν ἄκουσον οἷά μοι παρίσταται·
ἅπας μετελθεῖν Αἰνέαν βοᾷ λεὼς,
δῆμός τε χοἰ γέροντες, ἐκπέμψαι θ' ἅμα
τοὺς ἀγγελοῦντας οὗ καθέσταμεν τύχης.
σοὶ δ' ἣν διδῶσιν ἂν θέλω,—τοὔργου δ' ἐμοὶ
αὔτ' ἀρκέσει τὸ κῦδος—εὑρήσειν ὁδὸν
ἔοιχ' ὑπ' ὄχθον τόνδ' ἐς Εὐάνδρου πόλιν.

G. J. K.

Mira.

When first the Siren Beauty's face
  My wandering eye surveyed,
Unmoved I saw each fraudful grace,
  That round th' enchantress played:

And still, with careless mien elate,
  Defied the Paphian's wile;
As ambushed in a look he sate,
  Or couched beneath a smile.

And still to rove I madly vowed
  Along the dangerous way,
Secure, where other boasters bowed
  Before the tyrant's sway.

Nor learned my breast to heave the sigh,
  Or pour the secret heart;
Till Mira from her beamy eye
  Despatched th' unerring dart.

'Fly, fatal shaft,' with cruel zeal
  The conscious murtheress cried,
'And teach yon haughty boy to feel
  The anguish due to pride.'

To soothe the soul-subduing pain
  Awhile I fondly strove;
But combated, alas! in vain,
  Th' omnipotence of Love.

Mira.

LUMINA cum primum, memini, juvenilia cepit
Virgineo quidquid ludit in ore decus,
Tutus ab illecebris veneres mirabar inermes:
A nobis famam nulla puella tulit.

Hinc animo audaci nimium, vultuque superbo,
Spernebam Paphii mollia tela Dei;
Seu roseo insidias struxit male fidus in ore,
Seu risus inter retia texit Amor.

Sæpe quidem dixi, fallacis nescius auræ,
Me tuto angustam posse tenere viam;
Imprudens nimium! qui me tam sæpe negavi,
Cetera qui vincit, vincere posse Deum.

Nam neque adhuc noram tristi suspiria cura
Ducere, nec querulæ tangere fila lyræ;
Cum Mira ex oculis, Phœbei fulguris instar,
Misit vindictæ tela ministra suæ.

'I fuge,' fatalis clamavit conscia plagæ,
'I, pete,' ait, 'durum, fida sagitta, latus:
Hinc tandem, hinc discat nostri contemptor oportet,
Quæ sint feminea vulnera missa manu.'

Pectoris ut sævos possem sanare dolores,
Tentavi medica quidquid in arte foret;
Sed frustra petii duro me opponere morbo:
Ah! medica non est arte fugandus Amor.

Then ah! at length, stern Power, forbear,
  Thy wrath at length forego:
Enough my youth has felt of care;
  Enough has tasted woe.

Or if ordained by stubborn fate
  To drag th' eternal chain,
Doomed, as I bend beneath its weight,
  To court relief in vain;

To Mira equal toil impart;
  On her thy pang bestow;
Thrill with Love's agony her heart,
  And bid her suffer too.

WRANGHAM.

The wise Men of Gotham.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

GAMMER GURTON.

Improbe, parce, Puer, pennatum intendere ferrum;
  In me crudeles desine ferre minas:
Præteritos egi non tam feliciter annos;
  Experta est varias nostra juventa vices.

Sin, quæ dispensant mortalia fila sorores
  Imposito prohibent solvere colla jugo;
Si me fata jubent æternam ferre catenam,
  Nec prodest votis sollicitasse Deos;

Tu saltem Miræ similem, Puer, incute plagam;
  Languescat, quæso, vulnere nympha pari:
Hæc quoque cognoscat quid sit succumbere Amori,
  Transadigatque animas una sagitta duas.

G. C.

Philosophi Tusculani.

Tres Philosophi de Tusculo
Mare navigarunt vasculo:
Si vas id esset tutius,
Tibi canerem diutius.

H. D.

Our sorrows still pursue.

Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme griefe or care.
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd capitoll shall view,
And statues a disorder'd heape, you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile wher—
Another sun and starres appeare,
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet;
And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind,
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.

HABINGTON.

Fading in Music.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit.

: susurrantes umbras Anienis ad undam,
ive propter flumina;
inter violas dum languida membra reponis,
a tanta possint dulcia
lo implacidos animi sopire dolores?
cura post tergum premit;
ie ruinatis spectes Capitolia muris,
signa jam molem rudem,
ta fas animo est humanum pellere morbum
.vionibus tui.
alios soles, peregrinæ et litora terræ,
.cta avaris classibus;
iam menti obvenies, teque ipse sequeris:
ne, nequidquam fugis!
placet, exilio semper nova gaudia poscant
riculoso pectori;
domi quod habes: hic ver tam ridet amœnis
um per auras vocibus,
si Thessalicæ facunda vallis in umbra
ita membra poneres.

H. I. H.

Vitanda est improba Siren.

canit cygnus quam fata extrema vocarint,
i fata Neam, quam canat, ante vocent.

F. W.

Mutability.

THE flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
 Tempts, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
 Friendship, too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

SHELLEY.

Law and Equity.

LAW and equity are two things which God has joined, but which man has put asunder.

COLTON.

ΜΕΤΑΒΟΛΗ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ.

Ridet flos hodie, crastinus interit
Idem: quod cupimus cunque morarier,
Blanda fronte renidens,
Eheu quam cito diffugit!
Vitæ quid memorem gaudia præpetis?
Sic fulgentia, sic usque fugacia
Cæli fulgura noctem
Ludunt. Rara fides nimis:
Virtus quam fragilis; Tristia lubricis
Mutans deliciis gaudet inops amor.
Nos utcunque caducis
Istis esse superstites,
Et quidquid proprium est dicere, cogimur.
Ergo, luce nitent cærula dum poli,
Flos dum ridet, amantis
Se mutantia vespere
Sero lumina dum lætificant diem,
Dum furtim hora fugit, somnia credulus
Captes aurea—flebis
Somnos discutiens brevi.

R. S.

Jus Injuria.

Stitiam Numen junxit cum Lege; sed eheu!
Quas junxit Numen, dissociavit Homo.

B. H. K.

Little Bo-peep.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
  And can't tell where to find them:
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
  And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
  And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke:
  Poor Lady! they still were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
  Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
  For they'd left all their tails behind them.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray
  Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espy'd their tails side by side,
  All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
  And over the hillocks went smack-O,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
  To tack each again to its back-O.

GAMMER GURTON.

Bopepia parva.

PARVA vagabundos Bopepia perdidit agnos,
  Et sequitur frustra, nec reperire potest:
Bellula, eant, abeant: ad pascua nota redibunt,
  Et reduces caudas post sua terga gerent.

Indulgens placido Bopepia parva sopori
  Balantem attonita percipit aure gregem:
Audiit, exiluit: solvuntur somnia risu:
  Quam petis, infelix, non erat illa cohors!

Nec mora; jam curvum dextra vibrante bacillum,
  'Omnibus in latebris invenientur,' ait;
Invenitque quidem: sed quo miserabilis ore,
  Cum nihil a tergis esset, ut esse solet!

Quodam forte die palans per florida rura
  Pepia contiguum deveniebat agrum,
Arbore cum patula dispansa in sole sereno
  Pro pudor! ex natibus rapta tropæa videt.

Ingemuit virgo, lacrimamque abstersit ocellis:
  Tum prona in medias per juga fertur oves;
Tentavitque modum, si quo bene sedula custos
  Assueret caudis omnia terga suis.

H. D.

On a Poet.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you;
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

POPE.

A THING slipt idly from me: you must guess it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hinx, Minx.

To the Witch.
HINX, Minx!
(*Aside.*) The old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
To the Witch.
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
(*Aside.*) And father, mother, and I!

GAMMER GURTON.

In Poetam.

Este procul domini, reges procul este: poeta
Pauper in ignota dormiat unus humo;
Talibus hic nunquam studuit placuisse patronis:
Dum legit hæc rubeat Flaccus et ipse Maro.

H. I. H.

Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris.

Te *Primum* incauto nimium propiusque tuenti,
Laura, mihi furtim surripuisse queror.
Nec tamen hoc furtum tibi condonare recusem,
Si pretium tali solvere merce velis.
Sed quo plus candoris habent tibi colla *Secundo*,
Hoc tibi plus *Primum* frigoris intus habet.
Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice *Totum*
Omina, et audaces spes vetat esse ratas.

R. P.

Hinc Hecate.

Hinç et abhinc, Hecate!—maga Thessala nictat in aula!
Sibilat inferni conscius ignis adeps!—
Sola domi invenies salientia crura Joannæ—
Meque ipsam et matrem cum genitore meam.

H. D.

To Mister Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways all mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He, who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

MILTON.

Ad Laurentium.

O CASTA casti progenies patris,
Dum bruma campos occupat et vias,
Quo rure, Laurenti, reducto,
Quosve focos apud hospitales,
Longo auferemus tædia de die?
Quod hora nobis cunque dabit lucri
Morosa carpentes, ut annus
Prætereat leviore penna,
Constricta donec prata refecerint
Alæ Favoni, liliaque et rosas,
Laboris expertes, amictu
Verna novo decorarit aura.
Quæ munda nobis cœna parabitur?
Quæ lecta mensæ fercula? age, Attico
De more promenturque vina, et
Post calices bene tacta noctem
Producet una barbitos auream,
Et vox Etruscos callidior modos
Spirare, et effundens choreæ
Sidereæ propiora chordis.
Qui tanta novit gaudia carpere,
Prudensque parca mente frui sapit,
Scit ille, ni fallor, Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.

H. I. H.

The Princess.

O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness,
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane;
But Love and Nature, these are two more terribl
And stronger. See your foot is on our necks,
We vanquished, you the victor of your will.
What would you more? Give her the child! rema
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,
Or all as dead; henceforth we let you be:
Win you the hearts of women: and beware
Lest where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darkened future, crown'd with fire,
And tread you out for ever.

TENNYSON.

Mat and Topaz.

Full oft does Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth French meat and drinketh wine:
But Topaz his own verse rehearseth,
And Mat must praise what Topaz verseth.
Now sure as saint did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner!

PRIOR.

ΓΥΝΑΙΚΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΟΒΟΥΛΟΝ ΕΛΠΙΖΟΝ ΚΕΑΡ.

Ὦ ΚΑΛΛΟΣ ὠμόθυμον, ἄῤῥηκτος φυὴ,
χαίταις ἐθεῖραν κατακόμοις μιμουμένη
λέαινα τοῦ λέοντος· ἀλλ᾽ ἔρως σέ τοι
φύσις τ᾽ ἐπίσχει δείματ᾽ ἐγκρατέστερα·
ἰδοῦ σὸς ἡμῖν ποῦς βέβηκ᾽ ἐπ᾽ αὔχεσι,
γαυροῦ δὲ βουλῆς πρὸς χάριν νικωμένοις.
τί δὴ θέλοις ἂν κἄτι; παιδίον μὲν οὖν
δὸς τῇ τεκούσῃ, Κύπριδός τ᾽ ἀχηνίᾳ
σὺ τλῆθι κυκλωθεῖσα· τέθνηκεν δ᾽ ὅδε,
ἢ γοῦν ἴσος νεκροῖσι· καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν
ἄνδρες σ᾽ ἐῶμεν· θέλγε θηλείων φρένας·
ὅπως δὲ κοινὸν τῶνδε σαινοῦσαν πόθον
μὴ κοινὸν ἔχθος τῷ τρόχῳ παλιντρόπῳ
πρηνῆ σ᾽ ἐφέλξει, μήδ᾽ Ἀδράστεια φλογὶ
στεφθεῖσα, τοῦ μέλλοντος ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἐκρήξεται πάνταρχος, ἧς λακτίσματα
τὸ σὸν πάνωλες ἐξαιστώσει δέμας.

A. H.

Procillus et Atticus.

CŒNAT sæpe apud Atticum Procillus
Illic vina dapesque sumtuosas
Sorbet; versibus at suis citatis,
Poscit 'Euge σοφῶςque' symbolam hospes,
Magni sane emis, o Procille, cœnam.

F. W.

Catiline.

You might have lived in servitude and exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought these things unfit for men;
And in that thought you then were valiant.
For no man ever yet changed peace for war,
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity you should be such
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his feet, when hands are armed.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords:
And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us.

BEN JONSON.

To Freetraders.

I FILL your granaries: I give you meat:
Take my fifth part, Sirs, and I'll leave you—Heat.

A.

Catilina.

Ὑμιν ὑπῆρχ' ἂν πατρίδος τητωμένους,
ἢ δεσποτῶν κλυόντας, ἀντλῆσαι βίον·
ἐξῆν δὲ κἄκει, τοῖς ὑπερτάτοις πόλεως
ὑπηρετοῦντας· ταῦτα δ' οὐκ ἐν ἀνδράσι
πρέπειν τοθ' ἡγήσασθε, παντόλμῳ φρενί·
οὐ γὰρ, τὸ νικᾷν μὴ τρέφων ἐν ἐλπίσιν,
οὐδείς ποτ' ἀντήλλαξεν εἰρήνης Ἄρην.
τούτων μὲν οὖν ἔχεσθε· τοιοῦτον φρονεῖν,
μᾶλλόν γ', ἑαυτοῖς οἷς ἀμύνεσθαι πάρα,
ἢ τοῖς ἐπ' ἄλλων καρτερήσασιν μάχην
χρῆναι λέγοιμ' ἄν· τὰς χέρας δ' ὡπλισμένος
ποσὶν πεποιθὼς αἰσχρότητ' ὀφλισκάνει.
εἶεν· τηρεῖν ἐοίκασ' αἵ τ' Ἐριννύες τάδε,
Θάνατός θ' ὑπερστὰς, πραγμάτων τ' ἐπίσκοποι
πάντες σχολάζειν οἱ κατ' οὐρανὸν θεοί.
οὐκοῦν ξιφῶν ἅπτεσθε; κἂν ἡμῖν τύχη
φθονοῦσ' ἀριστεύσασι μὴ νικᾷν διδῷ,
ὅμως τοσαύτην ἀντὶ τῶνδε σωμάτων
τιμὴν ἂν ἐκπραξαίμεθ', ὥστ' ὠνουμένην
γῆν πᾶσαν ἡμᾶς ἐν μέρει διολλύναι.

L.

ΣΦΙΓΞ.

Per me plena tument granaria: tu modo quintam
Deme mihi partem, quid tibi restat?—eges.

R. S.

Woman's Love.

LOVE me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
  For those may fail, or turn to ill,
    So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
  So hast thou the same reason still
    To dote upon me ever.

ANON.

Adriana and Dromio.

ADRIANA. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

DROMIO. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUCIANA. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DROMIO. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows: and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

ADRIANA. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

SHAKSPEARE.

Nescio quid femineumque.

Ne, quia forma decens tibi me commendet, amato,
  Suave quod eniteant lumina, suave genæ;
Denique te nostræ capiat pars nulla figuræ,
  Pectore, neu, fido sim licet, ipsa fides;
Ista quidem pereant bona forsitan, aut mala fiant;
  Mutua sic nobis vincla resolvat Amor.
Ergo femineum ne desere femina morem,
  Semper amans nesci cur ita semper ames:
Sic tibi causa eadem perstet mea Lydia, cur tu
  Nullo non me sis deperitura die.

G. P.

Dromio.

A. Præsto ad manumst ignavus iste tuus erus?
D. Pol geminis manibus præsto erat mihi commodum:
Geminæ sunt aures testes. *A.* An cum illo modo
Locutu's? nostin quid sibi vult? *D.* Immo probe:
Dixit mihi in aurem. Dii malum manibus duint,
Nam dare vacivas auris vix quibam miser.
L. Dubie locutust nempe, ut sentires minus.
D. Sensi hercle colaphos, ita mi impegit pugnum in os:
Sed dubiam vim verborum facit vis verberum.
A. Sed heus tu, quam mox, obsecro, revenit domum?
Credo, placere uxori vir curat suæ.

R. S.

John Anderson.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonnie brow was brent:
But now your brow is beld, John,
  Your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John;
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS.

Oh ever thus.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
  I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
  But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
  To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
  And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE.

Nostrorum prime sodalium.

'Ανδηριδη, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν,
τὰ πρῶτά μ' εἰσεφοίτας
τρίχ' ἐμφερὴς κορώνῃ,
καλὸν δὲ κρᾶτα λεῖος·
γέροντι νῖν ἔοικας,
κάρα δὲ σὸν νιφαργές·
τὸ δ' ἵλεως ἔχοι Ζεύς,
'Ανδηρίδη, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν.

'Ανδηρίδη, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν,
ξυνεμπόρω πρὸς ἄκραν
εὐδαίμον' ἦματ' ἤδη
πολλ' εἴχομεν σὺ κἀγώ·
νῦν δεῖ πέδονδε κάμνειν,
χεροῖν δ' ἔτ' ἐμπλακείσαιν,
ἐκεῖ δὲ συγκαθεύδειν,
'Ανδηρίδη, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν.

C. S. C.

Sic semper.

Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliciter annis,
  Et vota et cupidæ præteriere preces!
Arbusta in silvis, in aprico flosculus horto—
  Sub manibus languent omnia pulcra meis.
Si forte effusi mirantem fulgur ocelli,
  Jam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia, mecum
  Luderet—invidit quilibet: illa perit!

H. D.

The Man in the Wilderness.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
'How many strawberries grow in the sea?'
I answered him, as I thought good;
'As many as red herrings grow in the wood.'

GAMMER GURTON.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKSPEARE.

Quidam in Desertis.

Quidam in desertis joculari voce rogabat,
'Fraga quot in pelagi fluctubus orta putas?'
Nec male quæsitis hoc respondere videbar,
'Salsa quot alecum millia silva parit.'

F. H.

Julia loquitur.

Nonne vides, leni qui labitur agmine rivus,
Spumeus exundat, mora si qua retardat euntem:
Sin placidum nullo perfecerit objice cursum,
Suave renidentis murmur per levia arenæ
Saxa ciet, lentumque siler mollesque genistas,
Vix adeo tactis delibans oscula, lambit?
Atque ita per multos anfractus flexibus errat,
Et ludit ludum, nullo retinente, procacem,
Donec lascivo ponti se immisceat æstu.
Sic precor, o virgo, nil me remoreris euntem!
Ipsa, sinas, referam tranquilla silentia rivi;
Atque via quamvis vestigia fessa reponam,
Ibo iter, et grati prætexam nomine ludi;
Donec in extremo cursu jam reddar amanti
Molliter, et blanda potiar contenta quiete;
Quali, operum vitæ longique soluta laboris,
Umbra per Elysios fruitur sine fine recessus.

C. T. B.

The Man of Thessaly.

THERE was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a gooseberry-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

GAMMER GURTON.

This introduceth to mie Librarie.

From moulderinge Abbayes' darke Scriptorium broughte,
See vellum tomes by monkysh laboure wroughte;
Ne yette the Comma borne, Papyri see,
And uncial letterres' wizarde grammarie.
View mie Fyfthteeneres in their ruggedde line;
Swylke Inkes! swylke Linnenne! only knowne long syne;
Enteringe, where Aldus mote have fixt his throne,
Or Harrie Stevenes covetedde his owne.

DRURIE.

Vir Thessalus.

ΤΩΝ οὐ τυχόντων Θετταλός τις ἦν ἀνήρ,
ὃς ἔργον ἐπεχείρησε τλημονέστατον·
ἀκανθοχηνοκοκκόβατον εἰσήλατο,
δίσσας τ᾽ ἀνεξώρυξεν ὀφθαλμῶν κόρας.
ὡς οὖν τὰ πραχθέντ᾽ ἔβλεπεν τυφλὸς γεγώς,
οὐ μὴν ὑπέπτηξ᾽ οὐδέν, ἀλλ᾽ εὐκαρδίως
βάτον τιν᾽ ἄλλην ἥλατ᾽ εἰς ἀκανθίνην,
κἀκ τοῦδ᾽ ἐγένετ᾽ ἐξαῦθις ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλέπων.

S. B.

In Musæi mei aditu.

PONTIFICUM . VIDEAS . PENETRALIBUS . ERUTA . LABSIS
ANTIQUAS . MONACHUM . VELLERA . PASSA . MANUS
ET . VETERES . PUNCTO . SINE . DIVISORE . PAPYROS
QUÆQUE . FREMIT . MONSTRIS . LITERA . PICTA . SUIS
ETATIS . DECIMÆ . SPECTES . INDUSTRIA . QUINTÆ
QUAM . PULCHRA . ARCHETYPOS . IMPRIMAT . ARTE . DUCES
ALDINAS . ÆDES . INEUNS . ET . LIMINA . JUNTÆ
QUOSQUE . SUOS . STEPHANUS . VELLET . HABERE . LARES

H. J. T. D.

Precedence.

'Sir, will you please to walk before?'
'No, pray, Sir, you are next the door:'
'Upon my honour, I'll not stir'—
'Sir, I'm at home—consider, Sir!'
'Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first:'
'Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it;
'Tis strangely clownish—be persuaded.'
  Go forward cits: go forward, squires:
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies while you display your breeding:
Such breeding as one's grannam preaches,
Or some old dancing master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at least half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly kick you both down stairs!
  But, Death's at hand—let me advise ye;
Go forward, friends, or he'll surprise ye.

SHENSTONE.

Thou art gone from my gaze.

Thousands each day pass by, which we,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

HERRICK.

Præcedere.

'I PRÆ, pone sequar, Domine.' 'Haud præcedere possum:'
'I, prece te rogito:' 'Foribus quin proximus adstas!'
'Per caput hoc nostrum juro, pede figor:' 'At hic sum
Ipse domi, reputa:' 'Veniam da, non prior ibo!'
'Quam sit inurbanum novi, at parere necesse est;
Longe aliter facerem—jam sis mihi flexilis, oro.'
Ite, præite aliis alii, vos quotquot ab urbe,
Armigeri quotquot proceres de rure; nec id, quod
Pectore amat toto, sibi quisque assumere nolit.
Vita brevis male se vestris accommodat hisce
Usubus; illa fugit, dum vos ornatis ad unguem
Exhibitos mores, quales docuisset ineptæ
Garrulitas aviæ, aut balbi præcepta Bathylli.
O si quis veniat rudis et clamosus et idem
Ebriolus, paulum aut demens, qui calce faceto
Urgens de tergo scalas abscondere cogat.
Sed quid ego hæc plura? En præsto stat Mors! nisi vultis
Ire, hæc attonitos protrudet et ire negantes.

B.

Ceu fumus in auras.

Nos multitudo præterit cottidie;
Quos ita præteritos non rursus intuebimur.

H. A. J. M.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
  Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
  And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
  With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
  And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air and sun
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

WALLER.

So altered.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
  And plighted an eternal vow:
So altered are thy face and mind,
  'Twere perjury to love thee now.

LORD NUGENT.

Gemma.

En! ea qua foliis stat operta recentibus arbor,
Et properat gravidas mox aperire rosas,
Hæc præmaturi prope conscia gemma ruboris
Intempestivum est pendere visa caput.
Hanc ego, sicut erat, summo de stemmate vulsi,
Jamque patent teneræ quæ latuere comæ.

Et quoties tepido caluit rosa percita flatu,
Purpura per nitidas fulsit oborta genas;
Ac velut admotis auris caluere favillæ,
Afflatæ visa est ignea forma rosæ.
Vis adeo solis faceret quod et ala Favoni,
Hoc datur exiguo flamine posse mihi.

Talia si possit nostri temere halitus oris,
Idem quid tenero non in amore potest?
Purus amor quoties citharæ se commodet arti,
Et tremat assiduis Flavia mota labris?
Cum, tulit exanimes qui sub juga mollia gemmas,
Virginis invadat spiritus ille sinum?

J. H.

Tempora mutantur.

Pulcram te facie atque mente amabam
Juratus—fateor. Quid ergo? mentem
Mutasti faciemque. Amare porro
Perjuri foret, haud proci fidelis.

F. W.

The first Grief.

'Oh call my brother back to me,
  I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee:
  Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
  Along the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight:
  O call my brother back.

The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed
  Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load:
  O call him back to me!'

'He would not hear my voice, fair child;
  He may not come to thee:
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,
  On earth no more thou'lt see.

A flower's brief bright life of joy,
  Such unto him was given:
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
  Thy brother is in heaven.'

Primus Dolor.

'O REVOCA fratrem, revoca, carissima mater;
Solus enim nequeo ludere, fessus ero:
Cum pictis apibus, venit cum floribus æstas:
Heu! quibus in cæcis abditur ille locis?

Trans jubar aurati volitans mutabile solis
Ala papilio versicolore micat;
Et micet incolumis; per me volitabit inultus:
O redeat nostram frater, ut ante, domum!

Intonsi exultant flores, quem sevimus hortum;
Arbore sub patula quæ rubuere rosæ:
Vitis dependet crassis onerata racemis:
Si revocas fratrem, tu mihi mater eris.'

'Heu! non audiret matrem, formose, vocantem,
Quem poterunt nullæ sollicitare preces:
Ille oculus ridens, faciesque simillima veri,
Et nos et nostrum destituere diem.

Sole sub aprico quid si breve carpserit ævum?
Splendida decidui tempora floris habet.
I, puer, et ludos tecum meditare novellos;
Nec geme, quod cælo gaudeat ille suo.'

'And has he left the birds and flowers?
  And must I call in vain?
And through the long long summer-hours
  Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade
  Are all our wanderings o'er?
O! while my brother with me played
  Would I had loved him more!'

HEMANS.

Sweet Day.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
  The bridal-day of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fate ere night,
      For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
  Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
      And thou must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
  Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
      Then chiefly lives.

G. HERBERT.

'Ergo abit, et volucres et gemmea prata reliquit?
Vox mea nequidquam, frater amate, sonat?
Immemor et nostri, per tædia longa dierum,
Per totam æstatem non rediturus erit?

Nonne inter virides posthac errabimus umbras?
Ad nemus, ad fontes, incomitatus eam?
Dure puer, qui tot dulces neglexeris horas,
Nec dederis fratri basia plura tuo!'

H. D.

Lux Dulcis.

LUX dulcis, cui tanta quies et frigus et ardor,
Terræ polique nuptiæ,
At flebit tua fata tamen sub vesperis horam
Ros, quippe leto debitæ.

Tuque, color cujus forti similisque minanti,
Temere intuentum lumina
Præstringit, radice lates tenus usque sepulcro,
Tibique mors instat, Rosa.

Dulces ergo animi demum et virtutis amantes
Durant, ut ilex arida;
In fumum ac cinerem vertatur mundus; at illi
Tunc enitescent clarius.

C. S. C.

To Ceres.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge steril and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the Queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Dilemma.

If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
My stars! what should we drink?

GAMMER GURTON.

Ad Cererem.

Diva Ceres, opulenta, tibi hæc Junonia longe
Jussa fero, cujus liquidis in nubibus Iris
Ipsa per ætherios labor prænuntia tractus.
Jamne tuas multa vibrantes messe novales,
Triticeamque ultro segetem, viciamque, fabamque,
Linquis, et erectæ penetrabile culmen avenæ?
Jamne tuos montes, ovium et rodentia sæcla,
Et, tutela vagi pecoris, quæ plurima sæpes
Implicitis planos distinxit cratibus agros?
Jamne et ripicolas fluviorum in margine flores,
Lilia pæoniamque, Aprilia dona, rubentem,
Usum in nympharum, et nuribus redimicula castis?
At neque te multo vindemia consita palo,
Quæque genistarum læsis stat amantibus umbra,
Detineat; nec litus inops, ignavaque saxa,
Æquoris in scatebris ubi mollia frigora captas.
Sic Regina jubet, tecum hæc viridaria ludo
Quæ terere, et dulces dignatur inire choreas.
At bijugis actos pavonibus aspice currus!
Ipsa veni, Dominamque pio, Diva, accipe vultu.

C. M.

Vexata Quæstio.

Si Terra e pistis constaret inhospita pomis,
Si foret Oceanus vasti lacus atramenti,
Si folia in silvis panisque et caseus essent—
Pro facinus! per ego hos oculos, per sidera, vellem
Discere, quid biberent sitientia sæcla virorum!

H. D.

Evening.

Hail meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
  Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
  Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
  You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey-dews,
  And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
  To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening dance;
  Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
  Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;
And from the sheep-cote and fresh-furrowed field
  Some ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
  His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies;
Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
  And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.

Vespera.

Te placido vultu glaucaque in veste, Puella,
  Leniter ingressam fessus arator amat;
Dumque domum repetens balbæ parat oscula proli,
  In dubia nemorum luce soluta canit.

Cum sub purpureos condit sol lumina montes,
  Tu levis incedens prata vapore tegis;
Lilia mellifero perfundis rore per herbam;
  Nutantem violam tu fragilemque foves.

Quæ Dryades rapidi fugerunt verbera Phœbi,
  Qua gelidas sedes antra reducta dabant,
Lasciva properant reduces saltare chorea;
  Pan quoque Silvano cum sene festus adest.

Stagna supervolitans levis æthera tranat hirundo,
  Cornices siluas, garrula turba, petunt:
A grege composito sulcoque recente coloni
  Certatum in viridi congrediuntur humo.

Aspicit, exercens pastor sine lege Camenam,
  Cœnantum ut pecudum longior umbra cadat;
Illum etiam gelidi tranquilla silentia mulcent
  Temporis, et rauco plurima musca sono.

Now every Passion sleeps; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly-warbling throat,
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

WARTON.

Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In garret high, choked up with books,
Worn in his garments as his looks,
Lanker in limb than dustman's shovel,
But well to do in self approval,
A Scholar sat above the crowd,
And thus soliloquised aloud.
'O heaven-sent precept! happy chance,
That shamed me of my ignorance,
Laid useless science on the shelf,
And bid me only KNOW MYSELF!
O noble toil with triumph crowned,
Deep truth in deeper study found!
How long in silence have I been
The cleverest, sweetest, best of men!
Let me display myself unfurled
To the profoundly nescient world.
The secret of all knowledge is to show it:
He only KNOWS, whom people know to know it.'

A.

Nunc posuere animi; nunc ægra Superbia dormit;
  Livorque insomnis, speque relictus Amor;
Fundit sancta quies optatam in pectora pacem;
  Nec furit Ambitio, nec levis Ira tumet.

Sit mihi, sit tecum meditanti errare per agros;
  Me, virgo, sociis adde modesta tuis:
Sit mihi sæpe vaga volucrum gaudere querela,
  Quæ tua, dum recinit, personat arva, Vale!

L.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

Ardua dum coleret spissis cœnacula libris,
  Squallenti vultu et squallidiore toga,
Hæc Sophus esuriens (non de grege porcus obeso,
  Ast animo turgens nec male pastus) ait;
'Quam bene de cælo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν·
  Quam bene judicio comprobor ipse meo!
Quod latuit didici, et multùm latuisse fatebor;
  Ecce! placens, hilaris, bellus, amœnus homo!
Ibo, me ostendam populo, totique Suburræ;
  Ni sciat hoc alter, scire meum nihil est.'

H. D.

The Faithful Lover.

OUT upon it! I have loved three whole days together;
And I am like to love three more, if it prove fair
weather:
Time shall moult away his wings ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again such a constant lover.
But the spite on't is, no praise is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays, had it any been
but She:
Had it any been but She, and that very face,
There had been at least ere this a dozen dozen in
her place.

SUCKLING.

The River-Course.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood,
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With mild infracted course and lessened roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

THOMSON.

Fidus Amator.

Tres (pudet heu!) luces permansi fidus amator,
  Et totidem, sudum sit modo, fidus ero:
Quin prius effractum languentes exuet alas,
  Quam talem aspiciat Tempus in orbe fidem.
Quid tamen hoc laudi est? mea ni lux ipsa fuisset,
  Non alius dudum me tenuisset amor;
Ni foret ipsius facies hæc ipsa puellæ,
  Huic decies poteram præposuisse decem.

A. H.

Decursus Aquæ.

Composito fluctu devexæ allabitur oræ
Largior exundans amnis; qua pronus aquarum
Collectam vim præcipitat per saxa deorsum
Ardua cum fremitu, vicinaque concutit arva.
Primum cæruleus decurrere, et agmine lato
Ire indivisus torrens; tum albescere eundo;
Jamque lacessitus scopulis clamantibus infra,
Grandibus implicitam spumis submittere matrem
Imbris inexhausti, nebulam: neque tortilis unda
Qua requiescat habet: furit inter scrupea claustra,
Jamque voluta micat per fragmina, jamque videtur
Transvolitare cavas obliqua aspergine rupes:
Mox loca per clivosa levi pede desilit humor
Lubricus, indocilis: dum, decrescente fragore,
Planitiem campi et secura cubilia nactus,
Perrepit vallem incurvam taciturnior amnis.

T. S. E.

The Course of Evil.

KNOW'ST thou not all germs of evil
  In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining
  Stays their growth of crime.

Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness,
  O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
  In thy path of life?

Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
  From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
  Searching for the sea.

Glideth one through greenest valleys,
  Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
  Stagnates at their feet.

WHITTIER.

Love.

LOVE is a circle and an endless sphere,
From good to good revolving here and there.

HERRICK.

Dedecorant bene nata Culpæ.

Nescisne, Deli, semina quod geras
Fœcunda culpæ corde sub intimo
Celata, nec germen morari
Turpe, Deo nisi te juvante,
Possis? Cruentum vulgus et impium
Spernis: sed istis qui melior fores,
Si te retardassent euntem
Non secus illecebræ potentes?
Sic bina eodem flumina vidimus
E fonte lymphis defluere integris,
Longeque diductis subinde
In pelagus properare vastum
Se fundere alveis. Hoc viridissimas
Valles pererrans, oscula pascuis
Mellita delibare gestit:
Cum fremitu violenter illud,
Præceps ab altis desiliens jugis,
Insanienti volvitur impetu,
Mox subter illisum cavernis
Stagnat iners lacus indecorus.

H. I. H.

Amor.

Huc revolutus et huc æternum circinat orbem,
Quæ bona sunt pergens pergere versus, Amor.

H. A. J. M.

A Rod for the Fool's back.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

COLTON.

Helena.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKSPEARE.

This is also Vanity.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

COLTON.

Nunquam magis solus quam cum solus.

Quod non tecum habitare potes, non solus es unquam,
Prodigium est, tantum qui tibi, Balbe, places.

B. H. K.

Cæco carpitur igni.

Ὀλωλ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος· οὐ βιωτὸν, οὐ,
κείνου γ' ἀπαλλαχθέντος· ἀλλ' ὁμοῖον ἦν
ἄστρον τις εἰ λαβοῦσα λαμπρὸν, ἐκπρεπὲς,
γάμων ὀριγνῷθ', οἷα τοῦδε, λείπομαι.
νῦν δ' ἀστερώπῳ πλησιάζουσαν φάει
στέργειν μ' ἀνάγκη, τοῦ κύκλου γ' οὐδὲν μετόν.
οἴμοι· ἔρως ἄγαν τολμηρὸς ὡς αὐτῷ βαρύς·
ἐλάφῳ γὰρ, εἰ λέοντα σύζυγον ποθεῖ,
θανεῖν πέπρωται, τοῦ ποθεῖν ἡσσωμένῃ.
καίτοι καλόν γ' ἦν, καίπερ οὐδ' ἄλγους ἄτερ,
κεῖνον θεᾶσθαι, καὶ φίλην θεωρίαν
πανημερεύειν, καὶ κόμας παρημένῃ,
ὀφρῦς τε κοίλας, ὄμμα θ' ὥσπερ ἀετοῦ,
πάντ' ἐγγράφεσθαι μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν·
φεῦ τῆς γλυκείας μνήμοσιν μορφῆς ἄγαν,
χαρίτων ἅπαντας ὥστ' ἐρευνῆσαι μυχούς.
νῦν δ', οἴχεται. γὰρ φροῦδος, εὐσεβεῖ φρενὶ,
ὡς θεὸν, προσήκει προσκυνεῖν τὰ λείψανα.

H. M. B.

Ad Aulum.

Moneri petis, Aule; vis probari.

B. H. K.

O lay thy loof in mine, Lass.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass;
In mine, lass; in mine, lass:
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
  That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
  Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha' loved best:
But thou art queen within my breast
  For ever to remain.

BURNS.

The Wreath.

BY Celia's arbour all the night
  Hang humid wreath, the lover's vow,
And, haply, at the morning light,
  My love shall twine thee round her brow:

And if upon her bosom bright
  Some drops of dew should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
  But tears of sorrow shed by me.

MOORE.

Nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores.

DEXTERAM dextræ mea, junge, Daphne;
Dexteram dextræ, mea pulcra Daphne;
Et per hos jura digitos, amabo
    Te tua conjux.

Me diu servis amor occupavit
Luctubus desiderioque tristi;
Illius frangam juga dura, ni tu
    Sis mea conjux.

Jamdiu multis domitus puellis,
Aut in hac arsi levis aut in illa;
Tu manes regina: age jam meorum
    Finis amorum.

H. D.

Ad Corollam.

RORE corona madens, per longam pendula noctem,
  Ex voto ad dominæ limina dura mane.
Forsitan et sub luce nova mea cura recenti
  Compositam properet flore ligare comam.
Tum si rara levi distillans gutta racemo,
  Deciduo nitidos sparserit imbre sinus;
En, age dic, lacrimæ, non rores noctis aquosæ,
  Quas miser ex tacito pectore pressit amor.

G. C.*

Alcestis.

Ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ Μούσας,
καὶ μετάρσιος ᾖξα, καὶ
πλεῖστον ἁψάμενος λόγων
κρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας
εὗρον· οὐδέ τι φάρμακον
Θρῄσσαις ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς
Ὀρφεία κατέγραψεν
γῆρυς, οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος
Ἀσκληπιαδίαισιν παρέδωκε
φάρμακα πολυπόνοις
ἀντιτεμὼν βροτοῖσι.

Ἀντ. α'.

μόνας δ' οὔτ' ἐπὶ βωμοὺς
ἐλθεῖν, οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς
ἔστιν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.
μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων
ἔλθοις ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ·
καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὅ, τι νεύσῃ
ξὺν σοὶ τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.
καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβεσσι
δαμάζει σὺν βίᾳ σίδαρον,
οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου
λήματός ἐστιν αἰδώς.

Στρ. β'.

καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν
εἷλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς·

Alcestis.

PENNIS volavi per liquidum æthera
Scientiarum deliciis vacans,
Suavesque tentavi recessus
Pieridum vitreosque fontes:
Sed cuncta frenat dura Necessitas,
Quocunque vertor, non superabilis;
Non ipse commisit tabellis
Threiciis medicamen Orpheus;
Non Æsculapi toxica filiis
Phœbus, medentis pocula, miscuit;
Quæ jura et obsceni valerent
Imperium temerare Fati.
Illa et Dearum sola tepentibus
Invidit aris; illa vel hostias
Spernit reluctantes, et odit
Marmoreæ simulacra formæ.
O Diva,—nam tu concilias Jovem
Et sceptra mundi—da placidam mihi
Transire vitam: tu metalli
Duritiem, Chalybumque frangis
Immane ferrum; nec pudet indolem
Fovisse torvam. Quo fugies, miser
Admete? te fatale Numen
Retibus implicuit dolosis!

τόλμα δ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνά-
ξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν
κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι
παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.
φίλα μὲν, ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,
φίλα δ' ἔτι καὶ θανοῦσα·
γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν
ἐζεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

'Αντ. β'.

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων
χῶμα νομιζέσθω
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου·
θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως
τιμάσθω σέβας ἐμπόρων.
καί τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον
ἐμβαίνων τόδ' ἐρεῖ·
αὕτα ποτὲ προὔθανεν ἀνδρὸς,
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων.
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὖ δὲ δοίης.
τοῖαί νιν προσεροῦσι φῆμαι.

EURIPIDES.

To a Lady.

THE adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill:
'Tis but the poisoning of the dart,
Too apt before to kill.

ANON.

Sed ne queraris: nam neque lenient
Plutona fletus illacrimabilem;
  Et ipsa descendit sub umbras
    Cimmerias soboles Deorum.
Quæ grata nostris vixit amoribus,
Illa in lacerto mortis amatior,
  Virtutis exemplar pudicæ
    Conjugibus, socioque lecto.
Quin illa fœdi cespitis immemor
Errabit inter cælicolum domos,
  Nigrisque mutabit cupressis
    Elysiæ juga læta silvæ;
Dicentque voces prætereuntium
Fauces sepulcri; 'Sideribus vale
  Adscripta, pro caro libenter
    Ausa mori mulier marito!'

H. D.

Acuens sagittas cote cruenta.

Barbaricum est tanta quod te colis arte; veneni,
  Ut sit letalis, non tua cuspis eget.

B. H. K.

Barbara, quod tanta fulges ornatior arte,
  Apta nimis stragi spicula felle linis.

B. H. K.

On the Spring.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
  Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
  (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
  How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
  The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
  The busy murmur glows!

In Ver.

Conveniunt roseis suffusæ risibus Horæ,
  Veris honos, Paphiæ gratia prima Deæ.
Dulcis ab hiberno surrexit Flora cubili;
  Nec mora, purpureas explicat annus opes.
Atthis, et alterna respondens voce cucullus,
  Indoctis iterant carmina verna modis;
Dum festo interea reparans sua gaudia flatu,
  Cæruleum Zephyrus mulcet odore polum.

Quercus ubi radios obscuris frondibus arcet,
  Latior et saltus, densior umbra, subest;
Frigida qua pinus, muscoque recondita fagus,
  Suppositæ nectunt pensile tegmen humo;
Sit mihi, dum luxus atque otia rustica carpo,
  Et jaceo ad ripas dulce morantis aquæ,
Sit mihi cum Musa vulgi spectare tumultus,
  Qualia cum quanto vota furore petat;
Quam vacuo tumeat vesana superbia fastu;
  Quæ sit in egregia nobilitate fames!

Rusticus excepit posito sudore quietem,
  Otia per campos fessa juvenca petit:
Audin', queis turbis glomerata frequentibus aura
  Ferveat, assiduis vivida facta sonis?

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The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone:
We frolic while 'tis May.

GRAY.

Dædala funduntur flores examina circum,
  Lætaque melliferam depopulantur humum:
Aliger hic miles liquido fluitare sub æstu,
  Ille amat in summa ludere fontis aqua;
Atque alius, volitans super æthera præpete cursu,
  Corporis ostendit versicoloris opes.

Qui bene composita spectat mortalia mente,
  Sub paribus sentit legibus esse viros:
Qui cohibent gressus et qui velocius urgent,
  Ad metam, modo quam deseruere, volant.
Sorte nitent varia, fato sternuntur eodem,
  Qui sequitur vitæ gaudia, quique fugit:
Quocunque ereptus casu, sub pulvere dormit
  Pulvis, et aerii conticuere chori.

Forte aliquis cui cura joci, cui ludere cordi est,
  'Quid melius, tantum qui sapis,' inquit, 'habes?
'Solus es, et nulla est cui jungas oscula conjux;
  'Nulla domus liquidas quæ tibi condat opes.
'Non tua per cælum pictos fert ala colores,
  'Maturus periit flos tuus ante diem:
'Sol tibi discessit; cecidit tibi gloria veris:
  'Nos sequimur nostros, dum sinit hora, jocos.'

W. G. H.

Progress of Advice.

Says Richard to Thomas—and seem'd half afraid—
'I'm thinking to marry thy mistress's maid.
Now because Mrs Lucy to thee is well known,
I'll do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.
Now don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me,
For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her.'
Says Thomas to Richard, 'To speak my opinion,
There's not such a brute in king George's dominion;
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou would'st choose out a whipping-post first to be tied to.
She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar and a fool and a slut and a scold.'
Next day Richard hastened to Church and was wed,
And ere night had informed her what Thomas had said.

SHENSTONE.

I flatter myself.

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride,
The best of all cobblers to be:
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

HALL.

Utere Consilio.

'Mi Thoma,' Ricardus ait, simul anxius oris,
'Ancillam venit in mentem mihi ducere herilem.
Quando igitur tam nota tibi sit Lucia, si tu
Suaseris, hoc faciam; si non, rem prorsus omittam.
Parce cachinnari; nequeo indulgere cachinnis,
Seria ago: quare dic libera verba, sodalis.
Nullam, ex quo novi, detexi in virgine culpam:
Ante tamen vellem, quam res sit facta, moneri.'
Cui Thomas male salsus, 'Ut omnia vera recludam,
Nulla est in toto tam bruta et sordida regno
Femina! quin credo, si tu modo tam bene noras,
Lictoris cædi virgis, quam ducere, malles.
Aspera, fur eadem, deformis, pejor ob annos,
Mendax, immunda, et stolida est, et cognita rixis.'
Postera lux oritur: Ricardus ducit amatam;
Et monitus Thomæ sub nocte edixerat omnes!

B.

ΑΙΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΕΥΕΙΝ.

Ει 'τύγχανον σκυτοτόμος ὢν, φρονῶν γε τηλικοῦτον,
τῶν σκυτοτόμων ἂν εὐχόμην πάντων ἄριστος εἶναι·
εἰ δ' αὖ λεβητίατρος, οὐδ' ἂν εἷς λεβητιάτρων
πυροῤῥαγῆ κρείττων ἂν ἦν ἐμοῦ λέβητ' ἀκεῖσθαι.

R. S.

A Dirge.

Now is done thy long day's work:
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest:
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave:
Let them rave.
Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed:
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave:
Let them rave.
Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear:
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree,
O'er the green that folds thy grave:
Let them rave.

TENNYSON.

Epigram.

Yes, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can shew it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

PRIOR.

Libor post fata quiescit.

ΕΙΑ τὼς ψιθυρὼς, εἶα λυσσῶντας ἰύσδεν·
τὶν πόνος ἀργαλέος, τὶν δ' ἄματα μακρὰ τελεῖται·
εἰ δ' ἄγε τὰς παλάμας καθ' ἕκαλον ζεύγνυθι μάσδον,
ζεύγνυθι τὼς ἀγκῶνας, ἀπάμονα δ' ὕπνον ἴαυε·
ἠνίδε σημύδας ψαίρει σκία ἀργυροφεγγοῦς
ποίαν τὰν χλοερὰν τέον ἃ τάφον ἀμφικαλύπτει.

Εἶα τὼς ψιθυρὼς, εἶα λυσσῶντας ἰύσδεν·
οὐ τύ γα ῥιπτάζῃ κατὰ δέμνιον· οὐχὶ μέλισσα
βομβεῖ ἐπιπταμένα κακοθρῶν γλυκερώτερα φωνᾶν.
μὴ τύ ῥα τὰν κορσὰν αἶρειν, μακαρῖτι, θελάσεις
ποίας ἐκ χλοερᾶς τέον ἃ τάφον ἀμφικαλύπτει.

Εἶα τὼς ψιθυρὼς, εἶα λυσσῶντας ἰύσδεν·
τὶν δ' ἐπὶ τακομένᾳ κροκοδείλων ὄμματ' ἔκλαιεν·
ἅδιον ἀλλ' ἔρσα τε κυνοσβάτω εἶθ' ἑλιχρύσω,
ἅδιον ἢ δολέρων ὅσα δάκρυα λείβεται ὄσσων·
ἔν τε κατηρεφέσιν δένδροισι μελίσδεται ὄμβρος
ποίαν ἐς χλοερὰν τέον ἃ τάφον ἀμφικαλύπτει.

A. H.

Discrimen Obscurum.

STULTORUM inscribi numero debere poetas
Rufus ait cunctos: id ratione probat.
Mallem Rufe tua mutata lege poetis
Stultorum posses adnumerare gregem.

H. I. H.

Fortune.

'And now my son, thou may'st perceive the span
Of Fortune's gifts, how brief and fleeting soon,
To compass which is yet the toil of man.
For all the gold that is beneath the moon,
Or ever was, could not for one of those
Tired souls procure of briefest rest the boon.'
'Oh! master mine,' I answered, 'yet expose
What Fortune is of which I hear thee speak,
Whose grasping claws the goods of earth enclose.'
Then he; 'Oh! creatures, impotent and weak,
What boundless ignorance your souls offends!
But now digest the sentence thou dost seek.
For He, whose wisdom everything transcends,
Builded the heavens, and gave each part a guide,
That each part unto each its sheen extends,
And so the light resplendent they divide.
Thus for the brightness of the earthly seat
One general ministrant did He provide,
To shift life's empty boons in season meet,
From tribe to tribe, from blood to blood to pass,
Such as no human reason can defeat.
Thus rises one whilst falls another race,
For ever following that power's behest,
Which yet is hidden like the snake in grass.'

DANTE.

Fortuna.

'NUNC licet, o fili, licet experiare caduca
Quid valeat Fortuna, manus quam fluxa malignæ
Munera, quæ tamen ut rapiant sibi quisque laborant.
Quidquid enim est auri, quidquid fuit, omne quod infra
Luna videt, fessis animis quas vidimus illic
Non ulli potuit minimam exorare quietem.'
'Perge precor,' sic nos respondimus, 'ista, magister,
Quæ sit quam nobis memoras Fortuna doceto,
Ungue tenax bona concludens mortalia.' At ille;
'O vanos nimium et fragiles, inscitia pectus
Infinita quibus vexat! Sed quæ petis imo
Conde memor præcepta animo. Namque illa suprema
Quidlibet exsuperans Sapientia mœnia cæli
Ædificat, partique suum dat cuique ministrum,
Quo duce pars queat hæc illam contingere luce,
Partitæ inter se radiantia lumina cunctæ.
Hæc meditans, terreni orbis splendoribus unam
Communem dare dignatur Mens illa ministram,
Tempore quæ certo vitæ fallacia mutet
Dona, tribus tribui ut cedat, genus hoc genus illud
Excipiat, ratio cui nulla obsistere legi
Terrigenum valet. Hinc cadit hæc, subit illa vicissim
Stirps hominum, servans dominæ mandata potentis
Æternum; tamen illa latent, velut anguis in herba.'

R. S.

Constancy.

CONSTANT still in danger's hour,
Princes owned our fathers' aid,
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well this loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth and power and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide:
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

SCOTT.

Holy Joy.

OF holier joy he sang, more true delight,
In other happier isles for them reserved,
Who, faithful here, from constancy and right
And truth have never swerved;

How evermore the tempered ocean gales
Breathe round those hidden islands of the blest,
Steept in the glory spread, when daylight fails,
Far in the sacred West;

How unto them, beyond our mortal night,
Shines evermore in strength the golden day;
And meadows with purpureal roses bright
Bloom round their feet alway;

And how 'twas given through virtue to aspire
To golden seats in ever-calm abodes
Of mortal men, admitted to the quire
Of high immortal Gods.

TRENCH.

Divina Fides.

TEMPUS erat patrum cum princeps unus et alter,
  Sollicitus dubio marte, rogabat opem.
Prædia, divitiæ, titulis ornata potestas,
  Pro meritis pretium persoluere satis.
Nunc pereant nummi vanoque potentia fastu,
  Et bona, terreni futile munus heri:
At divina fides maneat vitalis in ævum:
  Cetera dant homines, muneris illa Dei est.

H. M. B.

Gaudia Sancta.

GAUDIA sancta magis, magis incorrupta parari
  Beatiore mox canebat insula,
Quæ pia simplicitas vitæ, quæ fasque fidesque,
  Diuque culta veritas det assequi:

Utque marina supra secretos usque piorum
  Agros susurret aura temperatius;
Agros, occidui tingat quos gloria Phœbi,
  Sacris in Occidentis ultimi locis:

Utque procul nobis, tenebris procul omnibus, illos
  Inauret usque vividus micans dies;
Purpureis distincta rosis ubi gleba perenni
  Nitore crura condat ambulantium:

Tanta dari castis: Utque affectetur ab isdem
  In aureis serena sedibus domus;
Mortalesque viros tamen immortalis in altum
  Receperit sedile numinum chorus.

C. S. C.

Modesty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright:
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

AARON HILL.

My Native Vale.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

Through orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys that never fail
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

Pudor.

Ardet ut in lychnis tacita lux inscia flamma,
Prælucet formæ sic Pudor arte carens:
Certior illa ferit, quæ non direxerit ictus,
Et dare quæ nescit vulnera, sola necat.

H. I. H.

Vallis Natalis.

Vallis amo latebras et parvula rura paternæ,
Qua gemit in viridi blanda columba domo,
Qua mollem assidui fabellam narrat amoris,
Pagano nostram prætereunte casam:
Mus saliens omni silvester ab arbore pendet,
Lætasque impavido pascitur ore nuces.
Hic citreos inter fructus myrtique sub umbra,
Dum vagus a patulis floribus halat odor,
Fallimus alipedes, positi feliciter, horas
Dilectæ sonitu suaviloquente lyræ;
Seu placeat vivas magis internectere lauros,
Si quis Olympiacum vespere currat iter.
Sub matutinum pastoris buccina solem,
Saltibus impliciti, sole cadente, pedes;
Quodque lyræ canitur, vel quos modulatur arundo,
Inter Hamadryadum frondea rura, choros;
Simplicis hæc durant casta oblectamina vitæ,
Et teneor magno vallis amore meæ.

H. D.

The Lotos Eaters.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass

TENNYSON.

To Market.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

GAMMER GURTON.

Lotophagi.

Ut lentis juvat imminere somnis,
Et proni sonitum tenere rivi,
Dum marcent oculi, diesque fessis
Intermortua palpebris hebescit;
Inque oblivia grata diffluentes,
Vixdum, ceu jubar aureum, morari,
Quod summis nemorum comis adhærens
Sistit languidulo nitore noctem!
Haurire ut comitum leves susurros;
Loton carpere, prandiis vacare:
Ut fluctus maris interosculantes
Spectare, et teneros cientis orbes
Spumæ lacteolos sequi meatus!
His nec mœstitiæ placens imago
Dulcem desinat implicare fraudem,
Quæ nos surripiat proterva nobis.
Sic fas sit sine fine somniare;
Sic in condita temporum relabi:
Dum visæ veteres subesse formæ,
Quas infantia noverit, Penatum,
Et suetæ species et ora nostrum,
Quæ cespes premit, et recondit urna
Selibra cineris coacta cani.

C. M.

Ad Nundinas.

Quære forum, tu quære forum, confectaque prunis
Liba eme; res illic acta; recurre domum.

F. H.

Moloch.

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.

MILTON.

Moloch loquitur.

O SOCII, mihi bella placent: ars unica bellum,
Nec plures didicisse volo: quibus utile, cæcas
Consilii ambages jactent, fraudemque sequantur:
Non hoc ista sibi tempus molimina poscit.
Nam dum quisque dolos texit vafer atque retexit,
En! cælo profugæ stant circum mille cohortes,
Armatisque fremunt dextris, et signa reposcunt
Expectata diu, si quando occlusa resumant
Sidera: sed nostri interea nigrantia lustra
Sedibus optatis fœdique opprobria mutant
Carceris, atque alii tradunt sua regna morando.
Quin potius tædis Erebi rabieque maligna
Instructi simul irruimus, cursuque per auras
Præcipiti summam superavimus ætheris arcem,
Torquentes nova tela manu, tormentaque ab ipso
Addita, et in cælum cæli convertimus iras.
Audiet ille suum ad fulmen reboantia regna
Inferno tonitru, nec nostræ fulgura turmæ
Defuerint; tanto strepitu furor evomet atros
Inter cælicolas ignes, soliumque replebit
Sulfure Tartareo et piceæ caligine nubis,
Effundetque novas flammas, inventa tyranni.

G. C.*

Hey my Chicken.

HEY my chicken, my chicken,
  And hey my chicken, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
  Was neither far nor neary.
Here we go up up up,
  And here we go down down downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
  And here we go round round roundy.

GAMMER GURTON.

Alpheus.

  THEN Alpheus bold,
  On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
  And open'd a chasm
  In the rocks—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
  And the black south wind
  It conceal'd behind
The urns of the silent snow;
  And earthquake and thunder
  Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below:
  The beard and the hair
  Of the River-God were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
  As he follow'd the light
  Of the fleet Nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

SHELLEY.

O mea Pullula.

O MEA pullula blandula,
O mea pullula suavis,
Procul in terris aut prope
Non est, ut hæc, rara avis!
Hic sursum et sursum et sursum,
Deorsum, deorsum, hic imus;
Hic rursum et prorsum cursamus,
Et circum et circum redimus.

F. H.

Alpheus.

ΤΟΤΕ δ' ὀρνύμενος μεγὰς Ἄλφειος
ψυχρῶν ποτάμων ἀπὸ κρυστάλλου,
πέτραν σχίζων ἧξε τριαίνῃ
κἤνοιξεν ὁδοὺς, ὥστ' ἐπὶ πληγῇ
πάντ' Ἐρύμανθον κινηθῆναι·
κἄλυσε Νότον μέλαν' ἐξ ἄντρων
ὅθ' ἐκοιμήθη
χιονὸς κατόπισθεν ἀφώνου.
Γῆ δ' ἐσαλεύθη· διὰ δ' ἔῤῥηξεν
βροντὴ κρηνῶν κλῇθρα πελώρια,
καὶ διὰ δινῶν τοῦ χειμάῤῥου
πώγων ἐφάνη, χλοεραί τε θεοῦ
τρίχες, ὡς Νύμφης δρόμον ὠκύποδος
ῥίμφ' ἐδίωξεν
λίμνης πότι Δώριδος ἀκτήν.

F. C. H.

Haymaking.

UPON the grass no longer hangs the dew:
Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced.
He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathey line.
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,
The rousing voice of industry is heard.
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.
The old and young, the weak and strong are there,
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armfull o'er the field:
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.
The village oracle and simple maid
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh:
All are companions in the general glee:
Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,
Shoots down his fiercest beams, which none may brave.
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn
With slow and weary steps approach: some bear
In baskets oaten cakes, or barley scones,
And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey.
Beneath the branches of the spreading tree,
Or by the shady side of the tall rick,
They spread their homely fare, and seated round
Taste every pleasure, that a feast can give.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Fœnisecium.

Non de maturo jam pendent gramine rores;
Egreditur messor, discinctus, veste nivali,
Perque humeros falcem, splendentia sustinet arma.
En, ubi trans pratum obliquo sinuamine fertur,
Et longo sectum prosternit in aggere gramen.
Undique per campos, collesque et fervida rura,
Provocat agricolas vox indefessa laboris:
Infirmi certant validis, juvenesque senesque
Jucundo auxilium penso pro viribus addunt.
Conlati surgunt cumuli, rastrisque juventus
Verrit odorati graviora volumina fœni.
Imberbem puerum senior male salsus adurget
Vix amplectentem fasces, ægreque trahentem;
Nec timet audacem puer iste rependere linguam.
Rusticus hic Nestor, simplexque puella vicissim
Fundere sæpe jocos, celeremque iterare cachinnum:
Lætitiæ se dant omnes socioque lepori.
Jamque ferox Titan, medio calidissimus orbe,
Dejicit ardentes, nulli tolerabilis, ignes.
Ecce super clivum pede cauto infantia pagi,
Agmen adest gratum! Calathis hi prandia portant,
Triticeasve molas, aut panem vilis avenæ:
Caseus est aliis fragrans et pocula lactis
Dulcia. Sub patulæ recubantes frondibus ulmi,
Aut circumfusi gelida fœnilis in umbra,
Disponunt mensas humiles epulasque ministrant
Ruricolæ, nihilo pejores divite cœna.

H. I. H.

Fatima.

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!
O sun, that from thy noon-day height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing through all thy heat and light!
Lo! falling from my constant mind,
Lo! parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers:
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:
I rolled among the tender flowers;
I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:
I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Fatima.

O IGNIS meus, O furor, Cupido!
O qui sol, medio vibratus axe,
Horres, plus nimio mihi obtuenti,
Flammarumque salis calente fibra!
En, mentem æquanimam abdicans, omittens,
En, putris vice frondis et caducæ,
Raptu præpetis auferor procellæ!
Quam sub mœnibus urbis inquietem
Hesterna modo nocte perviglavi!
Quos amnes sitiebam adusta et imbres!
Qua blandos vice provoluta flores
Pressabam gremio furens et ori!
Ut flammantia tesqua metiebar,
Et squalens oculo sequebar æquor!
Illum vox mihi si qua nominabat,
Ut lapsus color et subinde fusus!
Ut corde innumeræ ignium sagittæ
Fixo dissiliunt, latratque vulnus!
O ignis meus, O furor, Cupido!
Quo me suaviolo ferox tenaci
Exsuxit labiis, ut aura rores!

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly: from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
  In my dry brain my spirit soon
  Down-deepening from swoon to swoon
  Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
  And isled in sudden seas of light,
  My heart pierced through with fierce delight,
  Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye;
I will possess him, or will die.
  I will grow round him in his place,
  Grow—live—die looking on his face,
  Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

TENNYSON.

Illum, si subeat repente clivo,
Jam succedere, jam jam adesse nosco:
Talis ceu Syrii vibrat roseti
Sursum spiritus, anteitque euntem.
Tum sicco exanimata mens cerebro
Sensim deficit, inque inane sidit,
Ceu solis specie recussa luna.
Tum venti levis ambiens susurrus
Argentea fide frangitur, jugisque
Sublimis super explicatur ignis,
Inclinatque ruens amore cælum.
At lucis subito natans in imbre,
Vi dulcedinis æstuans medulla
Viso solvitur, induitque florem.
Stat nudis oculis, flagrante cælo,
Nec sacrum jubar obstinatus haurit
Languescens animus, tacetque pressus.
Aut fiet meus, aut mori libebit!
Adcrescam ipsa meo, meo adligabor;
Crescensque et moriens meum intuebor;
Vivensque et moriens meum tenebo.

C. M.

Virtue and Vice.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but
Virtue consoles us even in our pains.

COLTON.

Winter.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.

THOMSON.

Multum interest.

Ipsa scelestus angitur voluptate;
Oblectat ipsis in doloribus Virtus.

B. H. K.

Immortalia ne speres monet annus.

Actum est: extremas pandit fera Bruma tenebras,
Et victo dominatur inexorabilis anno.
Quam late torpent silvæ, quam pascua ruris!
Quam volucrum genus omne silet! Pavor undique mœstum
Vindicat imperium. Tali sub imagine vitam
En, Marcelle, tuam: brevis hora supervenit horam;
Nunc ver florescens, nunc ardens viribus æstas,
Autumnusque gravi incessu, vergente senecta;
Donec in extremo scenam illætabilis actu
Intercludat hiems. Quo nunc ea grandia vitæ
Somnia fugerunt? quo spes evanida, quæ tot
Gaudia promisit? quo famæ et laudis orexis?
Anxietas animi, labor officiumque dierum?
Quo noctes cœnæque Deum? ventosaque vota
Fasque nefasque inter trepidam rapientia mentem?
Omnia deperiere: manet tecum una superstes
Fida comes Virtus homini, quæ nescia vinci
Immortalem animam ad cælestia gaudia ducit.

H. I. H.

Comus.

THE star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head;
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἀστήρ, ποιμέσι καιρὸς ἐναύλου,
κατέχει μέσσον φαιδρὸς Ὄλυμπον·
τέγγει δ' ἄξονα τὸν πυριθαλπῆ
ῥείθροις πρηνέσιν Ἀτλαντείοις
δίφρος ὁ Φοίβου χρυσεόκυκλος·
πόλον ἥλιος πρὸς ἀμαυρὸν
λεχρίαν ἀκτῖν' ἐπάνω βάλλων
εἰς ἀντίπορον τέρμονα κοίτας
τᾶς ἠώας μεταβαίνει.
χαῖρ' οὖν Θαλία, χαῖρ' Εὐφροσύνα,
κῶμοί τε, βοά θ' ἁ μεσονύκτιος,
οἰνοπλάνητόν τ' ὄρχημ' ἄπονον·
πλέκετ' ἐν ῥοδίῳ πλέγματι χαίταν
χρίσμασιν ὑγρὰν, ὑγρὰν Βρομίῳ·
νῦν γε τὸ Σεμνὸν κατακοιμᾶται,
καὶ Νουθεσίας ὄμμα περίσσοφρον·
ἀπαράμυθον δ' εὗδει Γῆρας,
χἁ Σωφροσύνα, δριμεῖα θεὰ,
σοφίαν θρυλλοῦσα ματαίαν.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φλογὸς τᾶς ἁγνοτέρας
ἀστεροειδῆ
ζηλοῦμεν χορὸν, οἳ παννυχίοις
ἄγρυπνα κύκλοις περιτελλομένων
ἐτέων φυγάδας μῆνας ἄγουσιν.

The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move:
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,

λιμένες, πορθμοί τ', αἰολόφυλοί τ'
ἰχθύες ἤδη μαρμαρυγαῖσιν
δίαν τιμῶσι Σελάναν·
κατὰ δὲ ξούθους ἁλὸς αἰγιαλοὺς
σκιρτᾷ λάλιον μορμολύκειον,
ῥαδινά τ' ἔμπουσα χορεύει.
παρὰ μειδώντων
νάματα κρουνῶν ἄκρα τε χείλη,
Δρυάδες, κομψὰν κόσμον ἔχουσαι
βαλλὶν, τερπνοῖς παίγνι' ἄγουσιν
κώμοις ἱλαραί·
νὺξ δέ μοι ὕπνῳ τί σὺ κοινωνεῖς;
νὺξ μέγ' ἀμείνω τέρψιν παρέχει·
Κύπρις ἐγερθεῖσ' υἱὸν ἐγείρει·
σπεύδετε δ'· ἡμὶν ἐς ὄργια καιρός·
μόνον ἐκφαίνει φῶς ἀλιτήμονα·
ταῦτα δὲ κευθμὼν
σκοτόεις οὔ πως ἀποδείξει.
χαῖρε μελάμπεπλος ἐν νυκτερίνοις
παίγμασι δαῖμον, χαῖρε, Κοτυττώ·
σοὶ πῦρ δᾳδων πάννυχον αἴθει
κρυφίων, δέσποιν' ἄφατος, κληθεῖσ'
ὁπότε Στυγίας ὁ δρακοντώδης
νεφέλας κευθμὼν καταπυκνοτάταν
ἔπτυσεν ὄρφναν,

And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

MILTON.

Bear and Forbear.

If this great world of joy and pain
  Revolve in one sure track;
If Freedom set will rise again,
  And Virtue flown come back;
Wo! to the purblind crew who fill
  Their hearts with each day's care,
Nor gain from past or future skill
  To bear and to forbear.

WORDSWORTH.

ἀέρα χραίνων κηλῖδι μιᾷ·
δίφρους Ἑκάτᾳ σοί θ' ἅμα κοινοὺς
ἐβένου παῦσον ζοφόεντος,
σοῦ δ' εὐόρκους ἱερεῖς ἡμᾶς
βλέψον πρευμενὲς, ἕς τ' ἂν τελετὰς
πάντως πάσας σοὶ τελέσωμεν,
πρίν γ' ἐξ ἑδρῶν λαλὸν ἠῴων
φύλακ' ἐν κορυφαῖς Ἰνδῶν ἀπαλὰν
Ἠριγενείαν, σκοπιάζουσαν
τῆλ' ἐκ θυρίδος μυχόθεν κοίλας,
ἀθυρογλώσσῳ δεῖξαι Φοίβῳ
τάδ' ἀποῤῥήτων ὄργια θεσμῶν.
ἄγετ' οὖν, φιλίας ἅπτετε χεῖρας,
καὶ ποδὶ κούφῳ
πολυδαίδαλα πλήσσετε γαῖαν.

L.

Pati et Parcere.

Si varii luctus, si vasti gaudia mundi
Certo recurrunt ordine;
Si cadit ut sera Libertas luce resurgat,
Fugata si Virtus redit:
Væ! nimium cæcos, saturat quibus anxia corda
Quod hora fert præsens mali,
Qui nec præteritis discunt nec sorte futura,
Quid sit pati, quid parcere.

H. I. H.

They never told their Love.

THEY seem'd to those, who saw them meet,
The worldly friends of every day:
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay:
But yet, if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
Would struggle like a captur'd bird;
And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears.
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years.
Alas! that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas! that they delay'd so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!
Yet, what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Excalibur.

THEN quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,

Atys et Asterie.

VIDERIT hos si quis comites, innectere solum
  Dixisset vacuæ fœdus amicitiæ:
Asterie facili ridebat amabile vultu,
  Explicita comis fronte placebat Atys.
Si tamen alterius secura nomen in hora
  Audivit, notos, illa vel ille, sonos,
Prodita jam subito trepidabant corda tumultu;
  (Sic avis immerito carcere capta pavet:)
Et licet assuetis frigeret epistola verbis,
  Fœdabat madida plurima gutta nota.
Illis tantus amor: neque paucas irrita in horas,
  Sed longum viguit mutua flamma diem.
Eheu! quod neque virgineum—sic fata—pudorem,
  Nec juvenis fastum vincere norit amor!
Eheu! quod miseros lætæ ad confinia vitæ
  Injustæ nimium detinuere moræ!
Quod tamen et nequiit Fortunæ evolvere casus,
  Et pressum timido fovit uterque sinu,
Fortia jam celent sub iniquo pectora fato,
  Nec reseret serus condita corda dolor.

L.

ΣΙΔΗΡΟΤΟΜΟΣ.

*'Αλλ' ἀγανακτήσας τάχ' ἔπειτ' ἐπανῶρτο Πάτροκλος,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, νώτων τ' ἀποπηδῶν ὀκριοέντων
καρπαλίμως σχοίνων πρασιὰς εἰσᾶλτο θαμείας.
ἔγχος δ' ἁρπάξας στιβαρὸν, περὶ δ' οἱ κεφαλῆφιν
δινήσας μετὰ ἰνὸς, ἀποπροέηκε πέτεσθαι.
ἀλλὰ τόγ' ἀστραπτὸν λαμπραῖς αὐγαῖσι σελήνης,*

And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer.

TENNYSON.

Sweet Singer.

SING, beautiful sweet singer,
  Those notes so low and clear;
Oh, I could ever linger
  Those mellow notes to hear!

I hear thee before daylight
  Tuning betimes thy throat;
And in the vesper twilight
  Thy chants prolonged float.

Those brilliant notes that quaver
  Thou tun'st with conscious pride:
Thy guerdon is the favour
  Of thy approving bride.

By faithful love inspired
  Thou pourest in her ear
Lays, thou art never tired
  To sing, nor she to hear.

ANON.

καὶ κύκλῳ σελαγοῦν, κυρτὴν, ὡς Ἴριδος, οἶμον
ἤλασεν, ὡς ὅτε κεν νύκτωρ ναύταισι φανείη
ἠοῦς ἀρκτῴας βλέφαρον, ὅθι πρώονας ἄκρους
χειμερίους ὠθοῦσιν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι κλύδωνες,
δεινὸν δ' ἀρκτῴας βρέμεται πέρι κῦμα θαλάσσης·
ὣς σελάγησε Σιδηροτόμος, ὣς πόντον ἵκανε.
πρὶν δὲ θιγεῖν ὑδάτων τότ' ἄρ' αντιος ἦλθε βραχίων
ἔγχεϊ, δαιμόνιος, θαυμαστὸς, ὑφάσματι λευκῷ
παμφαίνων, κώπην τ' ἔλαβεν, τρὶς δ' ἀμφὶς ἔλιξεν
ὑψόθε, κάδδ' ὦσεν λίμνης ὑπὸ κῦμα κελαινῆς.

E. W. B.

Ad Volucrem.

INGEMINA magicum, volucrum suavissime, carmen!
  Ex ima liquidos da mihi voce modos:
O utinam viridi semper sub fronde morarer,
  Ut linguæ imbiberem mellea verba tuæ!

Ante jubar matutinum lucemque diei
  Gutturis audivi dulce trementis opus;
Vespere et in sero molles fluitare per umbras
  Carmina lasciva continuata mora.

Conscius artificis labri, famæque canentis,
  Quo leve divino fundis ab ore melos!
Et tibi si quando alternis respondeat uxor,
  Omnia facundæ præmia vocis habes.

Ergo iteras cantum, fido inspiratus amore;
  Illa pia numeros corripit aure tuos:
Dumque tepent reduces lunæ, dum germinat arbor,
  Quod semper recines, audiet illa melos.

H. D.

The Gentle Shepherd.

PEG. O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay:
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jeanie she's away.
PAT. I'm laith to part sae soon: now we're alane,
And Roger he's away wi' Jeanie gane:
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark! how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin' winds sough through the reeds.
PEG. The scented meadow-birds and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.
PAT. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet and fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest briar,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

RAMSAY.

Delia, Mopsus.

D. Decedam sine, Mopse; nefas mihi, Mopse, morari:
Phyllis abest, poscuntque domi me teque parentes.
M. Tam propere piget avelli; nunc denique nulli
Cernimur, et Corydon cum Phyllide cessit in agros.
Si qua fides oculis aut auribus, haud minus illis
Quam mihi quamque tibi solis, reor, esse voluntas.
Hic, narcissus ubi viridem densissimus agrum
Pingit, ad hunc tenuem flectamus corpora rivum.
Audis quem cantum supra det alauda, notique
Ut per arundineam suspirent leniter ulvam?
D. Suavis odor prati, volucresque auræque salubres,
Credo equidem, sunt, Mopse, magis quam Delia cordi.
M. Non equidem hoc merui: nostro diffidis amori?
Istud ais? Nimirum oculis et mente vacarem,
Fingere si possem tam dulce et amabile quidquam,
Tamve meæ dignum, quam dulcis Delia, curæ.
Ora halant tua suave magis quocunque roseto;
Flos sinus, ac florum splendent par nobile malæ;
At vox præcellit quod jucundissimum ab ullo
Aut turdi aut merulæ stillatur gutture murmur.
Me nulli alliciunt, pratorum insignia, flores,
Bacca nec in clivis quamvis matura paternis,
Sis modo tu mecum: prædulcia sustinet arbos
Poma: tamen pomis tua dulcius oscula Mopso.

C. S. C.

A Solemn Dirge.

DING dong bell,
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor harmless Pussy Cat!

GAMMER GURTON.

The Unquiet Old Lady.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink?
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never keep quiet.

GAMMER GURTON.

ΑΙΛΙΝΟΝ.

Αιλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ· φρέαρ λάβεν, οὖλον, ἄβυσσον,
τὴν γαλέην· τίς τῆσδ' αἴτιος ἀμπλακίης;
τυτθὸς Ἰωάννης, χλωρὸν γάνος, αἴσυλα εἰδώς·
τοῦ γαλέην βυθίσαι νήπιον ὧδ' ἄκακον.

C. J. V.

Ἐλελευ ἐλελεῦ τῆς αἰλούρου· τὸ φρέαρ νιν ἔχει· τίς
ὁ βάψας;
ὡς νηπυτίαν, ὡς στερεόφρων· ὅδ' ἐκεῖνος, ὁ τυτθὸς,
ὁ χλωρός.

C. J. V.

Æs sacrum sonet, æs mœstum tonet!
Obit in luteo Felis puteo.
Quis sic, mihi dic, merserit illic?
Quisnam hoc facinus?—puer est. Prasinus.
Proh cor durum, miserum puerum!
Proh ridiculum Johanniculum,
Immergere tam felem immeritam!

H. D.

ΠΕΡΙ ΓΡΑΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΑΛΗΚΤΟΥ.

Γραυς τις ἦν ποθ', ὡς λέγουσιν οἷσι δὴ γραῶν μέλει,
ἣ μὲν οὔ τις οὖσ' ἐδήλου τῶν τυχόντων γρᾳδίων·
πωμάτων μόνον διέζη γ' ἥδε βρωμάτων τ' ἄπο·
ταῖσδε δ' οὖσ' ἐν εὐπαθείαις, εἶτα, θαυμαστὸν κλύειν,
αἰὲν ἥδε γραῦς ἄληκτος, αἰὲν ἦν ἀμείλιχος.

E. C. H.

Epistle to a Friend.

WELL, be it so, my friend!—I've done
With noise, extravagance, and fun:
I fear I've passed the fatal line:
That uncheck'd mirth and unstopp'd wine,
The flow of wit that knows no bound,
The merry laugh's perpetual round,
Nay, e'en the social generous glow
That all-enlivening grapes bestow—
Joys that a few brief se'nnights past
I thought eternally would last,
Or fondly wish'd, before they fled,
I might be number'd with the dead—
No more are trick'd with charms for me,
Nor wake my soul to jollity:
That if to Pleasure I incline,
No more I view her form in wine,
Nor if bleak Care besets my soul,
Can drown him in the sparkling bowl.
Farewell, farewell, delusive dream!
The joy of youth, the poet's theme;
Enchanting scenes of mirth and glee,
Where all was gay and all was free;
Where infant love's first sparks were fann'd,
Cemented friendship's strictest band,

Ad Amicum.

Dixti heu! omnia vera, mi sodalis!
Bacchanalia nostra terminavi,
Cum vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
Fervens ille lepos, fluensque vinum,
Mollis circuitus facetiarum,
Et risus hilares, jocique belli;
Imo, omnis generosa vis Lyæi,
Seu quid suavius elegantiusque est,
Quod vivax dedit uva dissolutis;
Quales blanditias prius putabam
Orturas magis in dies et horas,
Aut ante expetii ipse, quam perirent,
Convivas numerarer inter Orci;
Cuncta hæc illecebris carent, nec udæ
Incendunt animæ protervitatem;
Sed sive Euphrosynen peto jocosam,
Non inter calices, ut ante, ridet;
Nec si Cura sinum maligna torquet,
Mergenda est cyathi scatentis æstu.
Actum est: desinimus levis juventæ,
Vatum et delicias inaniorum,
Ah quam somnia grata, somniare!
O dulces aditus, dies amœni,
Noctes aureolæ, mihi valete;
Quum festum fuit omne liberumque;
Quando infans amor arsit in medullis,
Juncti fœderibus piis amici,

And both together bore along,
In union sweet, the power of song.
Enchanting scenes, that fancy loves,
That friendship's sacred voice approves;
On which remembrance oft shall dwell
With sad delight—dear scenes, farewell!
 Even so—I've passed the fatal line,
And other suns upon me shine:
But, as the home-sick sailor sees
'Mid the waste waves his native trees,
And thinks the wide-stretched watery scene
Fair meadows clad in vernal green:
So oft my fancy turns to view
Those forms my livelier moments knew,
And, kindling at delusions vain,
Believes and hopes them back again:
Then, if I court their imaged charms,
My fever'd soul is up in arms,
And sickening nature proves at last
The passion weak, the moment past.

MERIVALE.

Et quidquid leve fulsit aut venustum
Dilectæ harmoniam lyræ docebat!
Quas non perdite amare mens recusat,
Nec voces comitum sacræ tacebunt,
Cordi quæ memori diu recurrent,
Ut solatiolum mei laboris,
O horæ ambrosiæ, mihi valete!
  Dixti heu! omnia vera, mi sodalis:
Bacchanalia nostra terminavi,
Et soles alios tepere sensi.
Sed vasto veluti in maris profundo
Fessus nauta videt nemus paternum,
Pingitque in vitreis fretis aquarum
Verni pascua ruris atque flores:
Sic rerum mihi pertinax imago,
Et desiderium redit priorum,
Quas in purpureis sequebar annis:
Et priscos foveo arroganter ignes,
Credoque esse meos, libensque fallor.
Quod si jam simulacra læta capto,
Menti nescio quid febriculosæ
Certatim irruit, et pudet fateri
Quam vini levis avolet libido,
Quam fallax rosa, quam brevis juventus!

H. D.

Pars Secunda.

Divinity
Hath with no science more affinity
Than this: and, howsoe'er the scruple rose,
Rhyme has expressed as sacred things as prose.

WITHER.

To the Reader.

THAT union of the soul and body here,
Which Heaven has ordered, calls for several treatment
To suit its several parts. Our outward man
Asks cheerful exercise; our inward man
Must have his pauses too from serious thought,
And gathers vigour for his loftier flights
By earthly relaxation. Yet, my friend,
We must not hover here, nor skim the turf
Uninterruptedly, but imp our wings
For rocks aerial and for upper day.

F. HODGSON.

Ad Lectorem.

Terrena mentis corporisque vincula,
Deo jubente fabricata, diligunt
Poscuntque curas hinc et inde compares.
Corpus quiete roboratur utili,
Modicisque gaudet indies laboribus:
Mens otiosa crescit interim mora,
Vigetque, nil molita. Sed, dulcissime,
Non hic moremur, neu solum diutius
Penna supervolemus ignava nimis:
Sed altiores audeamus ætheris
Tranare campos, et die puro frui.

F. H.

Litany of the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations sore oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers all burn blue,
When the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Ad Sanctum Spiritum.

Hora in calamitatis,
Cum tenter et prober satis,
O, ut solvar a peccatis,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum capite et corde æger
Miser intus lecto tegar,
Ne in tenebras releger,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quando domus flet et gemit,
Atque sopor mundum premit,
Nec vigiliis me demit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum campana sonat mortem,
Furiæque vim consortem
Jungunt, ut enervent fortem,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Lampas fuscos dat colores;
Pauci adstant, qui dolores
Levent—veri pauciores!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum sacerdos summa dabit
Verba, cum nutans probabit
Caput hoc quæ vox negabit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

When (God knows) I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass runs out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with their truth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright my ears and fright my eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that open, which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HERRICK.

Psalm xix.

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Cum huc illuc (Deus novit)
Ferar, quo me terror movit,
Nec stat sanguis qui me fovit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum peccatis me juventæ
Serpens premit violentæ,
Vero heu! consentiente,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Aures gemitus obtundunt!
Ignes oculos confundunt!
Nervi sine te succumbunt!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

En! Judicium declaratur:
En! patet quod celabatur:
En! vox iras deprecatur:
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

H. D.

Psalmus xix.

Quidquid habet cæli vertex et splendidus ordo,
Quidquid habent vasti cærula templa poli,
Sidera quot splendent, quot sunt super æthera flammæ,
Omnia divinum testificantur opus.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's praise display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor voice nor minstrel sound
Among their radiant orbs be found;

With saints and angels they rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'

ADDISON.

Neglected good.

But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till Time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

COWPER.

Sol qualis niteat, quali sit origine natus,
  Indicia, assiduo dum redit orbe, facit;
Per quascumque vagum late jubar extulit oras,
  Sedulus Artificem prædicat usque suum.

Cum modo victrices descendunt vesperis umbræ,
  Excipit alternam luna diserta vicem;
Et sua miranti memorans primordia terræ,
  Edita quo fundat lumina fonte, refert.

Illius ætherium quot servant sidera cursum,
  Quot gyri in cælo, noctivagæque faces,
Singula confirmant cantu, quæ singula narrant,
  Et capit unanimes axis uterque modos.

Muta licet, terræ circa dum volvitur orbem,
  Stella secet liquidam pendula quæque viam;
Sol quoque det nullos, nullos dent astra susurros,
  Nec faciant de tot millibus ulla sonum;

Attamen angelicos interlabentia cœtus
  Clarescunt superi murmura læta poli;
Et canere auditæ per tanta silentia voces:
  Fingimur æterna dirigimurque manu.

W. G. H.

Sero sapiunt.

Ὁ Δ' ἐστὶν, οἷόν ἐστι, μὴ γνῶναι καλὸν,
πρὶν λαξπάτητον ἐξολωλέναι χρόνῳ,
χρείας τόδ', ᾗ ξύνεσμεν, οὐ σμικρὸν μέρος,
ἔρημον οὕτω πάρεχον ἀνθρώποις βίον.

C. J. V.

It is I: be not afraid.

When I sink down in gloom or fear,
  Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
  ''Tis I: be not afraid!'

Or startled at some sudden blow,
  If fretful thoughts I feel,
'Fear not, it is but I!' shall flow,
  As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
  Some onward pass defend,
From each rough voice the watch-word goes,
  'Be not afraid!—a Friend!'

And O! when Judgment's trumpet clear
  Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
  ''Tis Christ! He comes to save.'

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

New Self.

Why sittest thou on yonder sea-girt rock,
With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?
  Play'st thou beneath with Proteus' flock?
Or with the far-bound sea-bird dost thou fly?

Ἐγώ εἰμι· μὴ φοβεῖσθε.

Quoties dolore labor aut metu gravis,
  Et spes moratur aut perit,
Molli susurro vox Dei me sublevat,
  'Adsum : timoris abstine !'

Ictuve subito si repente terreor,
  Et ægra mens exæstuat,
Sanantis instar balsami voces fluunt,
  'Adsum: timorem ponito.'

Hostes propinquas occupent angustias,
  Non calle deflectar meo:
It ore ab omni martialis tessera,
  'Nihil timeto: Amicus est!'

Sic cum resurgam de sepulcrali domo,
  Sonante Judicis tuba,
Percussus æther fortiter respondeat,
  'Venit redemptum: Christus est!'

H. D.

Quod Sum.

  Cur rupem maris insides,
Demissis oculis, tristia somnians?
  Ludis cum grege Protei?
An mergum sequeris per freta præpetem?

Old Self.

I sit upon the sea-girt rock,
With downward look and dreaming eye:
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,
Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.

I list the splash so chill and clear
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar,
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

New Self.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreamy sounds of sadness come to me:
And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily!

Old Self.

I mourn for the delicious days,
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
A stranger yet to the wild ways
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

New Self.

Mourn'st thou, poor soul, and would'st thou yet
Call back the things which shall not, cannot be?
Heaven must be won, not dream'd; thy task is set;
Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Quod Fui.

Hanc rupem insideo maris
Demissis oculis, tristia somnians;
Sed non agmina Protei,
Nec mergum comitor per freta præpetem.

En, remum senis illius
Plangentem in gelidis fluctubus audio,
Risuque innumerabili
Undarum invigilo lene sequacium.

Quod Sum.

At remi sonitus mihi
Nullam tristitiæ movit imaginem;
Quodque in saxa ruit mare,
Quam lætum fremuit, quam fremuit ferum!

Quod Fui.

Insontis redeunt mihi
Felicesque soni et visa puertiæ,
Quum noram nihil arduum,
Nec sperare nimis, nec tremere impotens.

Quod Sum.

Nequicquam quereris, miser?
Annos et revocas non revocabiles?
Insomnis rape sidera:
Pax non est homini, nec requies tibi.

H. D.

Propagation of the Gospel.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
  Has learnt Messiah's name!

Ite in omnes Terras.

THULES ab usque montibus
Albo gelu rigentibus;
Ab India, qua curali
Vincunt arenas aggeres;
Aurumque qua devolvitur
Afri ex apricis amnibus;
Multo e vetusto flumine,
Multisque palmetis simul,
'Adeste,' clamant, 'tollite
Erroris atra vincula!'

Quid thure, quid si balsamo
Spirant Iavæ litora,
Si rura sunt prædulcia,
Homoque solum vilis est?
Frustra Dei benignitas
Largitur effusas opes;
Ignara gens cælestium
Deos adorat ligneos!

Et nos, quibus Veri sacrum
Effulsit ex alto jubar,
Cæcis viris negabimus
Vitæ, viæque lampada?
Salutis O certissimæ
Enunciate gloriam,
Extrema donec litora
Sonant Iesu nomine!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
  And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
  It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
  The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss returns to reign!

HEBER.

Song of Simeon.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,
For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
And to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

ST. LUKE ii. 29.

Quod fecit, et quod pertulit,
Auræ ferant, ferant aquæ,
Dum sempiterna Veritas
Utrumque pervadat polum;
Dum purus Agnus, sanguine
Lotos. revisurus suo,
Rector, Redemptor, Artifex,
Descendat in terras Deus!

H. D.

Canit Simeon.

NUNC, O Domine, morte leni
Servo Tu concedis seni
  In pace discedere;

Vidi Salvatorem hominum
Jubar Mundi, Christum Dominum,
  Cui docemur credere;

Jubar, quod parasti coram
Oculis Tu populorum
  Sæculis in omnibus;

Jubar, quod illuminaret
Gentes, gloriamque daret
  Israel nepotibus.

H. D.

It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord.
1 Kings xiii. 26.

PROPHET of God, arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of Heaven, to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where Angels down the lucid stair
Came hovering to our sainted sires,
Now, in the twilight, glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend;
Scatter the ashes; be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

Then turn thee, for thy time is short;
But trace not o'er the former way,
Lest idol pleasures court
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,
Where on the lonely woodland road,
Beneath the moonlight sky
The festal warblings flow'd;

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,
Or breath'd their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm.

Vates Surge Dei.

VATES surge Dei! Surge, et adulteram
In gentem æthereas præcipita minas:
    Cæli concute fasces
    Hoc fanum super impium!

Scalis agmen ubi pensile lucidis
Devenere pios angelicum patres,
    Nunc falsæ magica aræ
    Splendet flamma crepusculo.

I, devota cadant saxa sub hostia!
I, sparge et cineres! brachia macera
    Torva voce, profanas
    Amplectentia imagines.

Tum, nec longa mora est, verte retro pedes:
Calcanda est eadem non tibi semita,
    Ne qua impura voluptas
    Mentem fascinet insciam.

Scis tu quam grave sit prætereuntibus,
Qua solis placidorum in nemorum jugis
    Clara sub face lunæ
    Festum perstrepuit melos;

Qua palma aut viridi læta sub ilice
Dianam celebrant carmina virginum,
    Lascivæque choreæ, et
    Vespertinus odor precum.

Or thee perchance a darker spell
Enthrals: the smooth stones of the flood,
    By mountain grot or fell,
    Pollute with infants' blood;

The giant altar on the rock,
The cavern whence the timbrel's call
    Affrights the wandering flock:
    Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again—
O forward step and lingering will!
    O lov'd and warn'd in vain!
    And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given, thine home in sight,
To the forbidden feast return?
    Yield to the false delight
    Thy better soul could spurn?

Alas, my brother! round thy tomb
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
    We read the Pastor's doom,
    Who speaks and will not hear.

The grey-hair'd saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove;
    Death only binds us fast
    To the bright shore of love.

KEBLE.

Seu forte insidiæ te magis impiæ
Seducant; vitreus te lapis amnium,
  Hirto montis in antro, aut
  Sparsis sanguine vallibus;

Altare in scopulis vastum adamantinis,
Spelunca, unde greges terruit avios
  Sistri mysticus horror:
  Flagras omnia quærere.

I calles alios: cerne periculum—
O præceps gradus, O propositi mora!
  O frustra morieris
  Fati sic monitus tui?

Jussis rite datis, ante oculos domo,
Impermisse, dapes ad vetitas redis?
  Falso cedis amori,
  Quem spernas animosior?

Heu! dilecte, tuo in cespite supplices
Inter tristitiam sternimur et metum,
  Pastoremque dolemus,
  Qui fert jussa, nec audiet.

Vates in senio sic cadit ultimo;
Fidens in media dux dubitat via!
  Sola morte ligamur
  Puræ litoribus fide.

H. D.

The Hospice of Saint Bernard.

Where these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,
  Once heavenward sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,
  An ancient shrine of hospitable Love;
Now burns the altar to the Christian's God.
Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod
  The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her rest;
  Still as of yore salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each wayworn limb: or oft will start
  Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,
Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart,
  Chafe his stiff limbs, and bid him not to die.
So task'd to smoothe stern Winter's drifting wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal Spring.

Δ.

Alms.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford
Instead of that a sweet and gentle word;
God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er He sees
On our part wanting the abilities.

HERRICK.

Scriptum in Hospitio S. Bernardi.

Hæc ubi saxa vides Bernardi in monte, viator,
  Pennini quondam templa fuere Jovis,
Hospitium vetus, et multis memorabile sæclis;
  Nunc colitur veri sanctior ara Dei.
Scilicet hic olim voluit sibi ponere sedem
  Religio, et notis gaudet adesse jugis;
Utque prius, blanda venientes voce salutat,
  Deque via fessis alma ministrat opem,
Et fractas reparat vires, reficitque labantem,
  Et fovet alpino membra perusta gelu;
Aut, quos obruerit subita nix lapsa ruina,
  Eripit ex alta mole, vetatque mori:
Temperat et Boreæ rabiem, mollitque pruinas,
  Et facit æterno vere tepere nives.

S. B.

Largitio.

Auri si quid habes, da quod habes; si minus id vales,
Da solatiolum dulciloquis et teneris labris:
Si quid fecerimus corde pio, plaudet opus Pater,
Qui nos instituit rerum inopes, et miserans videt.

H. D.

By the Waters of Babylon.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
When we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up
Upon the trees that are therein.
For they that led us away captive
Required of us then a song,
And melody in our heaviness;
Sing us one of the songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.
Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
In the day of Jerusalem:

Propter Amnes Babylonis.

PROPTER amnes Babylonis
Sedebamus lacrimantes,
Templi sancti et Sionis
Triste fatum complorantes;

Nostra barbitos dilecta
Muta luctubus silebat,
Eque proximis neglecta
Ramis arborum pendebat:

Namque amabilem concentum
Exquirebant vexatores,
Cantaremus ut recentum
Inter cladium dolores;

Et clamabant, 'Delectentur
Aures versibus divinis!'
Quomodo Dei sonentur
Cantica in peregrinis?

Dextra ludere negato,
Si Sionis obliviscar;
Lingua hæreat palato,
Templi si non reminiscar.

Pende exultationem,
Deus, Edomi, et minas
Quas fuderunt, ut Sionem
Convertebant in ruinas,

How they said,
Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
As thou hast served us.
Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children,
And throweth them against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Home.

Banished the house of sacred rest,
  Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confess'd,
  And knelt the saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorn'd,
  Who spoke Christ's message there;
But what at home I might have scorn'd,
  Now charm'd my famish'd ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
  Thy words and sons to know;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
  Although his speech be slow.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Ut fremebant, 'Devastate
Solymarum ornamenta,
Et cum solo adæquate
Urbis alta fundamenta.'

Beatus ille, Babylonis
Filia misere vexata,
In te die ultionis
Qui retribuet hæc fata.

Beatus ille, qui infantes
Cum parentibus excidet,
Et ad lapides exstantes
Vitam fragilem elidet.

A. B. H.

Domus.

SACRÆ quietis exul a pura domo,
  Inter sodales improbos,
Tandem audii perculsus expostam fidem,
  Addorque sanctorum gregi.

Auctor modestæ castus eloquentiæ
  Fuit ille Christi nuncius:
Sed nunc, quod ante spreveram surdus domi,
  Auri irruit famelicæ.

O sempiterna gratia sinas mihi
  Te scire, Te, Deus, et Tuos:
Velata Mosis ora acutum cernere,
  Sermone sit quamvis rudi!

H. D.

To Death.

Thou bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout:
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence.
This done, I'll only cry
'God mercy!'—and so die.

HERRICK.

Epitaph.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies;
  To earth her body lent
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
  But not more innocent.
And when the Archangel's trump shall blow,
  And souls to bodies join,
Thousands shall wish their lives below
  Had been as short as thine.

S. WESLEY.

Ad Mortem.

JUBES abire, nec recuso,
Lacrimarum rore fuso,
Ob culpas præteritorum
Juvenilium annorum,
Et, in corde pœnitenti,
Tempore pro hoc præsenti;
Quin et pallium amoris
Induam, quo pergam foris,
Quod velare me sit aptum,
Inter cælites acceptum.
Sic succinctæ pietate,
Innocentia ligatæ,
Iter plantæ inchoabunt;
Et suprema exclamabunt,
'Miserere peccatoris,
Deus!' verba hujus oris.

H. D.

M. S.

INFANS hic placido recubat composta sopore;
Credita sunt sacro, non data, membra solo.
Pulcrior illa olim mutato corpore surget,
Sed nequit incesti purior esse mali.
Cum tamen attonitum quatiet Tuba nuntia mundum
Junctaque erunt animis ossa relicta suis,
Mille tuo cupient vitam degisse sub astro,
Inque brevi tecum deperiisse die.

H. I. H.

Thy Will be done.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive I would still reply,
Thy will be done!

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done!

If sickness wastes me to decay,
Let me with humble faith obey,
And teach thy servant still to pray,
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

ELLIOT.

Fiat Voluntas Tua.

DEUS Pater, quando exulo
In asperis procul a domo,
Fac corde supplicem meo,
Fiat voluntas O Tua!

Sors ut siet mi tristior,
Ne murmurem superbior;
At vox sonet divinior,
Fiat voluntas O Tua!

Si raptum amicum defleam,
Solam terens solus viam,
Fretus Deo respondeam,
Fiat voluntas O Tua!

Si me resignatum voces
Quas arctius retineo res,
Nunquam meas—Tuas habes;
Fiat voluntas O Tua!

Sin æger usque conterar,
Fidens humiliter obsequar,
Et des precanti ut eloquar,
Fiat voluntas O tua!

Meam voluntatem nova,
Et indies misce Tua;
Sitque petere arduum veta,
Fiat voluntas O Tua!

F. W.

The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him.

God is on the side of virtue: for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it; and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

COLTON.

In Bremhill Churchyard.

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse and this recording stone.
'Twas his in youth o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way.
Here, in his native village, stealing age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past, of names of high renown,
Or brave commanders long to dust gone down;
His look with instant animation glowed,
Though ninety winters o'er his head had snowed!
Think, Stranger, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,
Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid.

BOWLES.

Qui pœnam metuit, punitur.

JUSTITIA gaudere Deum sic collige; pœnas
Qui meruere, timent; qui timuere, luunt.

B. H. K.

In Reliquias Militis.

QUI jacet hic tacito pauper sub cæspite miles,
Hoc lapide et memori carmine dictus erit.
Mane juventutis peregrinis solibus usto
Adfuerant comites morsque laborque viæ.
Hic colle in patrio tranquilla crepuscula vitæ
Clausit et extremum tarda senecta diem.
Quod si bella olim pugnata, trucesque triumphos,
Nomina si caneres semisepulta ducum,
Scintillare oculi, subitoque accendier igne,
Totaque longævi Nestoris ora loqui.
Carpe rudes herbas; sacer est locus, Hospes, in umbra;
Jam cælo fruitur spiritus iste suo;
Quin clangente tuba surget de pulvere pulvis,
Et reddet fortem sub pede terra virum.

H. D.

Recovery from Sickness.

O Saviour of the faithful dead,
  With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
  Above their narrow cell;

No more we cling to mortal clay,
  We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way,
  Which Thou hast trod before.

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
  Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,
  Whose arms upheld my head!

As fading from my dizzy eyes,
  I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
  And groaned to live again.

'Twas dreadful when the Accuser's power
  Assailed my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
  And each unworthy part:

But, Jesus, in that mortal fray,
  Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
  Across my darkened soul.

In Valetudinem Reditus.

O MORTUORUM Tu fidelium salus,
  Quocum reviviscunt Tui,
Utcunque cæspes frigidus lasciviat
  Super sepulcralem domum;

Non amplius mortale prensamus lutum;
  Non hæsitans angit metus;
Tecum per umbras ibimus nigerrimas,
  Quamque Ipse calcasti viam.

Heu! quos amabam, vix tuli relinquere,
  Circa torum stantes meum,
Frontem irrigantes aridam fletu pio,
  Caput levantes brachiis.

Vertiginosis ora cum sodalium
  Frustra petissem pupulis,
Novi severam mortis expertus manum, et
  Ut viverem, fudi preces.

Quis non inarsit horror in præcordiis,
  Quando imminens lecto Satan
Recensuit consumpta prave tempora,
  Et leviter effusos dies!

Sed dulce Christus adstitit solatium,
  In lite capitali mea;
Caliginoso sicut in die jubar,
  Animæ serenans nubila.

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
  No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
  And in the darksome way.

When clothed in fleshly weeds again
  I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world, bethink Thee then,
  That Thou hast died for me!

HEBER.

Evening Hymn.

God, who madest earth and heaven,
    Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
    For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
    This livelong night!

HEBER.

Quocunque languens spiritus sub tempore
  Christum precari desinat,
In transeunda valle mortis adjuva,
  Manum in tenebris porrigens.

Cum carne rursus induar perterrita,
  Sententiam expectans gravem,
Sis o memor sis, Arbiter mortalium,
  Mihi morte vivendum Tua.

H. D.

Hymnus Vespertinus.

QUI terras, cælumque, Deus, sublime parasti,
  Quique diem et tenebras,
Qui rigidum tolerare jubes sub luce laborem,
  Otia nocte refers;
Angelicis functos operum tueare ministris,
  Dum sopor altus habet;
Spesque hilares adstent et, longa noctis in hora,
  Somnia sancta toris.

H. D.

On an Infant.

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
  Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
  And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

Hymn.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In distant lands and realms remote,
  Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every toil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
  And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

ADDISON.

Epitaph.

Why should this earth delight us so?
  Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
  And every pleasure dies?

CHURCHYARD POET.

M. S.

Ante malum quam te vitio maculaverat, ante
  Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus,
In cælum leni gemmam mors transtulit ictu,
  Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

S. B.

Ob Reditum.

Felix obsequio, qui Superos colit
Terrarum dominos: scilicet in dies
Cui sanctum invigilat consilium Patris,
  Servatque omnipotens Amor.

Nempe in limitibus sic ego barbaris
Erravi intrepidus; sic quoque pulveres
Calcavi nimios, nec violabilis
  Traxi morbiferum aera.

Hac mercede juvans omne solum Deus
Explevit vacuum, leniit asperum,
Canis temperiem reddidit Alpibus,
  Tyrrhenum explicuit mare.

C. M.

M. S.

Cur adeo nobis fugitiva hæc terra placebit?
  Cur oculos humili figimus usque solo!
Multus ubi exoritur dolor, accrescitque dolori;
  Et quidquid misero rideat orbe, perit?

F. H.

In vain do they worship me.

MEN will write for Religion, fight for it, die for it: anything but live for it.

COLTON.

Sion delivered.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,
We were like them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the Heathen,
The Lord hath done great things for them.
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.
Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
As the streams in the south.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious
seed,
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
Bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM CXXVI.

Vivitur hoc pacto.

SCRIBERE, Religio, pro te, pugnare, perire,
  Possumus: at tecum vivere nemo potest.

B. H. K.

Sion liberata.

QUANDO Deus exulantes
Nos Sione et evagantes
Strenua manu reduxit,
Sicut somnium illuxit
    Ille dies candidus:
Ora risus mox implebat,
Lingua gaudium prodebat:
Exteræ dixere gentes,
Vim Jehovæ confitentes,
    Magna fecit Dominus.
Imo magna jam videmus,
Clare facta, queis gaudemus.
Verte, Deus, fugam plebis,
Reddens gaudium, ut glebis
    Sole tostis fluvius.
Sevimus heu lacrimantes,
Sed non frustra laborantes:
Mox metemus lætiores,
Segetesque uberiores
    Fructus erunt prosperus.

H. I. H.

Pain

may be said to follow Pleasure, as its shadow; but the misfortune is that in this particular case the Substance belongs to the Shadow, the Emptiness to its Cause.

COLTON.

Live while you live.

'Live while you live,' the Epicure will say,
'And give to Pleasure every fleeting day:'
'Live while you live,' the sacred Preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my life let both united be;
I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.

DODDRIDGE.

Corporis Umbra.

Cura voluptatis comes est, ut corporis umbra;
Sed post interitum corporis umbra manet.

B. H. K.

Dum bibimus, bibamus.

Χρη ζῆν ἕως ζῇς, ὧδ' Ἀρίστιππος λέγει,
θηρὰν ἔχοντα τῆς κατ' ἦμαρ ἡδονῆς·
χρὴ ζῆν ἕως ζῇς, μαντικὸν φωνεῖ γένος,
καιρόν· θ' ἁγίζειν τὸν παρόντ' ἀεὶ Θεῷ.
ἡμεῖς δὲ τόν τε καὶ τὸν αἰνῶμεν λόγον,
οἳ ζῶντες ἐν σοὶ ζῶμεν ἡδέως, Θεός.

B. H. K.

'Dum vivis, vivas,' Epicuri de grege clamat,
'Daque voluptati, dum fugit usque, diem;'
'Dum vivis, vivas,' Christi de nomine dictus,
'Daque Deo,' clamat, 'dum fugit usque, diem.'
Dirigat hic vitam, vitam mihi dirigat ille;
Quodque voluptati, detur id omne Deo.

F. W.

Psalm xxiii.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
  Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, with waters calm,
  He sets me forth to feed.

He did convert and glad my soul,
  And brought my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
  For His most holy name.

Yes, though I walk in vale of Death,
  Yet will I fear none ill;
Thy rod, thy staff doth comfort me,
  And Thou art with me still.

And in the presence of my foes
  My table Thou shalt spread;
Thou shalt O Lord fill full my cup,
  And eke anoint my head.

Through all my life Thy favour is
  So frankly shew'd to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
  My dwelling-place shall be.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

Pastor Meus.

PASTOR meus, vivus Deus;
Nihilo sum cariturus;
Pulcris pratis, aquis gratis,
Ille me est aliturus.

Ducet viis Idem piis,
Animam convertens meam;
Propter Nomen, felix omen
Mihi dans, quocunque eam.

Mortis vallis, licet callis
Fuerit, quo ambulabo;
At nil mali, fretus tali
Certo Duce, formidabo.

Ordinasti et parasti
Mensam meam, hostes pungens;
Pocla mero tu sincero
Plena reddes, caput ungens.

Omnes rite dies vitæ
Sic redundat Tua gratia;
Tu concedes, ut sint ædes
Meæ in cælo palatia.

H. D.

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H. D.

Prayer for Absolution.

For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God! and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not Thine.
But if midst all Thou findest one
Wanting Thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

HERRICK.

Propitietur Deus.

Si quid in his fuerit, sententia, clausula, verbum,
  Quod non Te sapiat vel Tua, sancte Deus,
Ignoscas precor, impermissaque carmina dele;
  Quodcunque indignum vivere, dispereat.
Si tamen invenies de tot modo versibus unum,
  Quem patiare Tuas, Maxime, adire domos,
Hic erit exemplo, commendabitque libellum,
  Et vati et tremulæ gloria sola lyræ.

H. D.

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